

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



MARCH 1943
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OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

Hello Americans! Let's Chat a While—

DIAMOND JUBILEE CLASS: New members are as necessary to our Order as food is to the living body. The Order of Elks is a living organic growth; and where there is growth there is sure to be waste. Bodily renewal is constantly necessary to life. Our Order is now celebrating its Diamond Jubilee Year. This means, Brother, our Order has lived through nearly four generations of members. In those long years it has of necessity suffered much waste by demits and deaths. Still it endures, strong and vigorous, ever adapting its genius for private and public service to varying demands of time and place. The very soul of our Order is the zeal and will of all its members: their zeal causes it to function as a great social and patriotic agent, and their will gives it continuity of life. Hence the reason all subordinate lodges and their members are now asked to get behind the Diamond Jubilee Class and will be often reminded, in each succeeding year, of the necessity of bringing new members into the Order; thus they not only renew the life of the Order, but bestow themselves upon the Order of the future and extend their own Elk life and influence.

ELK LINEAGE: Every member of our Order has an Elk lineage. For example: I was influenced to become an Elk by a member of Newburyport, Mass., Lodge, No. 909, who years before that had been induced to become an Elk by an older member of Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, No. 65; and that Lawrence member in his turn, many years before, was inspired to become a member of the Order by the example and personal influence of a man much older than he, who was a member of Boston Lodge No. 10 and boasted that he had become a Charter member of Boston Lodge through his intimate acquaintance with one of the Jolly Corks, who on February 16, 1868, organized New York Lodge No. 1. Can you, Brother, trace your Elk lineage back to a Charter member of New York Lodge? Yet, that is where it actually starts.

THE ELK WHO LEFT NO HEIRS: But there is one thing more important, Brother, than one's Elk lineage, and that is one's Elk posterity. Remember that every new member brought into the Order by you is your son in Elkdom, and long after you shall have passed through the inner door of the Grand Lodge Above, your earthly membership will carry on in your Elk posterity. In this way an active Elk bestows himself upon the generations of Elks yet unborn. Be diligent, therefore, in sharing your Elkdom with others, lest you die as "The Elk Who Left No Heirs". Be a prolific Elk, not a sterile one. Older members, at the hour of eleven, gazing at

young and fervent Elks whom they have brought into the Order, see themselves multiplied therein and rejoice in the thought that long after they themselves have passed on, their memories will be recalled at the mystic hour by such younger men, grateful to them for having made them members of the Order.

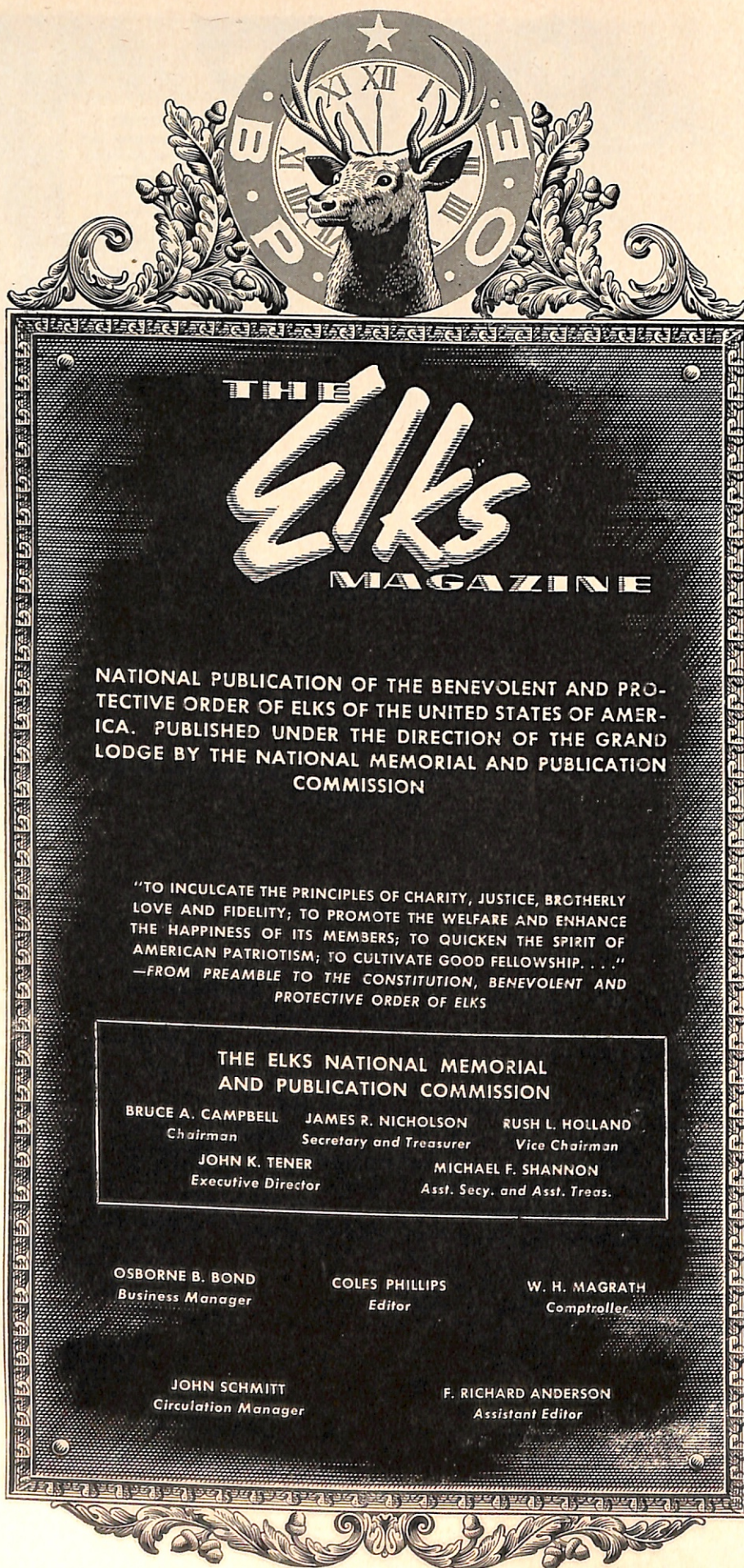
P.E.R.'S WHO NEVER SHOW UP: The most frequent reason why Past Exalted Rulers "don't show up" at lodge sessions and affairs is not ingratitude, but rather delicacy of feeling. They are deeply sensible of the trying problems their successor faces. But their counsel not having been sought by him, they are reluctant either to oppose or advise him. The wise Exalted Ruler will solicit the counsel of his predecessors, and fortunate, indeed, is the lodge whose Past Exalted Rulers are active in its management. It is a sound formula that the degree of a lodge's success is in direct ratio to the number of its Past Exalted Rulers who continue active in its affairs.

GRAND LODGE CONVENTION OF 1943: At the time of writing this CHAT it had not yet been determined just where our next Grand Lodge Convention would be held, nor what limitations and restrictions ought or should be placed upon it. In any event, you may be sure the next Convention will adjust itself so that it will most efficiently discharge its duties and responsibilities as a loyal American Fraternity. We shall not chafe under transportation restrictions and limitations of hotel accommodations which will surely confront us for a long time yet. But one thing we may be sure of: The Convention's dominant note will be, "HOW BEST MAY WE ELKS AID IN WINNING THE WAR?"

KEEP 'EM FLYING! AND THE "G" BOXES ROLLING!

Sincerely and fraternally,

GRAND EXALTED RULER



MARCH 1943

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 21, No. 10, March, 1943. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio. U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please send notice of a change in your address to the Circulation Department, *The Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., with the following information: 1. Your name and the name of your lodge; 2. Your membership number; 3. The new address; 4. The old address. Your lodge Secretary also should be informed of the change. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1943, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

THE quiet, efficient, United States Army Medical Corps plays a vital part in the battle picture. Our hometown doctors are conspicuous—conspicuous by their absence at home and by their presence wherever men are under fire. They are no longer men in white, but men in tattered and torn khaki; often weary, but never discouraged. Philip Harkins tells a portion of their story in "There's a Doctor in the House". He takes you to the Army's Medical Field Service School at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, where the doctors are trained in the ways of modern warfare, and tells you something of their work under the pressure of actual battle. It isn't possible to over-emphasize the splendid work which they are doing.

WE ALL know that there are two kinds of habits—discounting, of course, the riding type. Among our good habits we list the fiction of William Fay. The quantity and quality of his word output is such that we have found it an easy custom to pursue. "Something He Et, No Doubt" will give you a laugh, no doubt. Bill Fay is at his best when writing about thugs, race horses and pretty girls. Here we have all these, in addition to a young Army-bound doctor who gets entangled with all of the aforementioned. Put all these factors through the battered Fay typewriter and out comes a half-hour's entertainment.

IN TWO previous issues, we have devoted pages to the on-the-spot sketches of Marshall "Jeff" Davis. You have always received them with such appreciative comment that we were delighted to see "Jeff" on his return from the Third Army maneuvers, with a portfolio of new work. "Field Sketches" were done by "Jeff" on a trick collapsible drawing table of his own invention. They were done whenever "Jeff" could pause for breath during these arduous maneuvers. A number of well known illustrators saw them on the table in our office and all made the same comment, "They are really good and could never have been done anywhere but in the field." We think that you will agree that they reflect a keen observation of our boys and their reaction to action.

Our regular infield line-up is with us again. Mr. Trullinger, Mr. Hansen, Mr. Frank and Mr. Faust bat in that order and play their respective positions.

On page 20 is "The Elks in the War" and page 31 is devoted to the Elks War Commission whose activities are so important to all of us at this time.

F. R. A.

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YOUNG Dr. Jones sat at his shiny office table and gently extracted a long case history from a patient. Through the open window floated the throaty song of a robin to mingle with the soothing hum of the electric fan. A pretty nurse in a becoming uniform, flitted through to the immaculate surgery that formed a white backdrop, and just as quietly returned to the waiting room and the steady stream of patients that brought Dr. Jones the substantial annual income of \$8,000.

Dr. Jones is sitting at a table right

now. It is a stained, scarred table splotted with the drippings from flickering candles. No electric fans break the stifling heat imprisoned by tightly closed shutters. Through them comes not the song of a robin but the ominous rumble of heavy guns while overhead soars the high-pitched whine of powerful airplane engines. Now Captain Jones of the Medical Corps is doing the listening and the taut voice of the Commanding Officer is not gentle.

This is the pre-battle staff meeting, held in a battered house not far from

the front. Medical Officer Jones is listening with comprehension to the plan of attack because the tremendous gap between a thriving practice in a peaceful American town and a seat with the military staff as the zero hour approaches, has been bridged by a rigorous course at the Army's Medical Field Service School at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Jones has already studied his aerial map, a mosaic of air photographs taken by a reconnaissance plane. On the map the Carlisle graduate sees the dark wavering line that

There's a DOCTOR IN THE



is the river over which the two opposing forces will clash. Right behind it are several white blocks—ploughed fields that reflect light. In juxtaposition are dark squares, wooded areas that absorb light. Capt. Jones's training tells him that troops fighting across the open ploughed field will suffer heavier casualties than troops filtering Indian fashion, through the woods. He will distribute his medical aid men accordingly.

On his aerial map not far behind the river, the Carlisle-trained officer

HOUSE



New Guinea native stretcher bearers who carry our wounded to hospitals in the rear.

sees a thinner, dark wavering line, fading into what are called and look like "crow's feet"; here lies a stream-bed fed by gullies. Behind it runs a white, even line, a road leading to the rear that can be used for ambulances. To Capt. Jones, here is an ideal spot for a battalion aid station; the wounded can walk or be carried back from the battlefield in the shelter of the eroded stream banks. Quickly but efficiently treated at this station three or four hundred yards behind the battle lines, they can then be started toward the next link on what military medical men call the "chain of evacuation"—a series of stations at which the medical aid increases in direct ratio to the station's distance from the front.

The pattern of attack is unfolding in that stuffy room where the staff is huddled over a table. Shoulder to shoulder with line officers, Carlisle-trained Dr. Jones is pouring over reports of the scouting force; here and there behind points of vantage on the routes of advance lie deadly machine gun nests; the Commanding Officer announces that these nests will have to be wiped out; Medical Officer Jones knows that he can expect heavy casualties at these points and jots down a memo for his medical aid men who will follow their companies right into battle. The C.O.'s finger, sliding over the air map stops on a broken, thin white line over a broad dark streak—that is a damaged bridge over the river; this will have to be repaired and crossed. Here too casualties will be heavy. And here too Captain Jones of the Medical Corps will send extra aid men. It's past midnight when the C.O. dismisses his staff. The officers file silently out into the night and take in deep gulps of the cool air.

Captain Jones returns to his quarters, checks his medical kits, his supplies of gauze, his blood plasma, sulfa drugs, plaster of Paris. He and his medical aid men are ready for the worst.

At the zero hour the battle begins. Dive bombers scream over and blast enemy positions; heavy field pieces lay down a thunderous barrage; tanks rumble ahead spitting fire from their cannon; mechanized infantry roll up in trucks, leap out, rush into action. Following in their footsteps across the ploughed field, through the woods, will come the highly trained first aid men with bandages, tourniquets, sulfa drug powder that can be dumped into wounds where it will instantly start its effective fight against infection.

A soldier under fire is not the world's best risk. But doctors and aid men trained in "field medicine",



A dying Japanese soldier is given a drink of water by one of our men.

working with the new drugs and devices of modern medical science, can dramatically reduce deaths and salvage soldiers who will live to "fight another day".

What wouldn't the military medical men have given at Gettysburg or at Chateau Thierry for the small tins of sulfanilamide which every American soldier carries today! Now our wounded soldiers can throw up a strong barrier against infection with sulfanilamide tablets swallowed right on the battlefield. The marvelous effect of fast sulfa drug treatment was vividly high-lighted at bomb-blasted Pearl Harbor—a military medical milestone—where the ghastly spectre of gas gangrene that rode on the last war's bursting bombs, was stopped cold by sulfa drugs.

Another menace of World War I, tetanus, has been licked by tetanus toxoid injections which every American soldier gets long before he enters the battle area.

The aid men, who under Capt. Jones's direction will fan out behind the troops, will also carry sulfa drug powder which they will liberally

Just behind the front lines of every battle are the United States Medical Corps. No longer men in white but doctors in khaki, they do miraculous things to rehabilitate the wounded.

By PHILIP HARKINS

All photographs from Press Association

sprinkle into the casualty's wounds before bandaging. Thus medical science has pushed right out onto the battlefield to start its treatment of physical reconstruction in the very mouths of the guns that wreak havoc among human bodies.

Capt. Jones's medical aid men will guide the walking wounded—for instance, a soldier with a deep gash in the arm—back along sheltered routes previously selected, to the battalion aid station. Litter cases—the Medical Corps calls them litters, not stretchers—will be carried back, the aid men running, crouching and crawling, taking advantages of lulls in the firing and any cover they can find. ("Cover" is defined at Carlisle as any place that puts earth between you and the enemy.)

To speed up this dangerous, courageous work, the equipment "lab" at Carlisle has devised a litter that can be quickly attached to a two-wheeled carriage with springs. It usually takes four men—walking out of step to make the ride as smooth as possible—to handle a litter. But the litter on wheels needs only two men to roll it along at a good clip and, moreover, has steel arms that can drop down, anchor the contraption securely to the ground and convert it into a dressing table.

The minute the casualty starts toward the rear, he is moving on what Carlisle medical men called the "chain of evacuation". If there is a stable front, the links of this chain will be fixed. If the front is fluid, the medical aid stations will have to be mobile too, until the casualty reaches a point far enough behind the lines to ensure relative safety.

No matter how that chain of evacuation is set up, casualties will be on it, moving away from the battlefield. Suppose a casualty is suffering from severe shock, a condition fairly prevalent on the battlefield where shell fragments rip open bad wounds and stun nervous systems. Severe shock is frequently fatal; the wounded soldier's face is deathly pale; cold perspiration breaks out on his forehead; fear and worry are increasing shock; the tissues of his body are suffocating from lack of blood. Such a casualty needs warmth and blood plasma and needs them fast. The warmth will come from an aid man's blanket gently wrapped around the wounded soldier; the plasma will come as quickly as possible from a jar and tube at the "clearing hospital", second stop on the chain of evacuation and perhaps three or four miles behind the front.

Farther back on the chain of evacuation, beyond the range of light artillery, a tent hospital or possibly a mobile surgical unit will be waiting for the wounded. Carefully lifted

from an ambulance comes a casualty with an ugly, jagged wound in the thigh. This wound will call for "débridement", quick surgical excision of the dead tissue around the wound. Surgically cleaned, the wound will then be thoroughly dusted with sulfanilamide powder, covered with a vaseline gauze pack and then "closed" with a plaster cast. This cast, which will cover the entire leg, may stay on for weeks or even months, eliminating those frequent and extremely painful dressings that were the horror of the last war's hospital wards. This is the famous "closed plaster treatment" with which Dr. Trueta of the Spanish Loyalist army treated over a thousand cases with only *one fatal case of gas gangrene*, the deadly, fetid infection which used to wipe out thousands of soldiers.

Fast work on this chain of evacua-

tion does much to cut down "time lag", a term often used by teachers at Carlisle. Time lag is that time which elapses between the wounding and adequate medical treatment.

Doctors at Carlisle learn that a soldier who needs surgical treatment should be under the scalpel not later than six to twelve hours after being hit. Wounds that call for treatment of this kind are compound fractures (where the bone has pierced the skin) and wounds of the head, chest and abdomen. Here military medicine leaves the ordinary road used by civilian medicine to take an express highway, for the Medical Corps motto is "fast treatment for many rather than slow treatment for one". As an illustration, consider two types of wounds that Army surgeons could treat in one of the new, mobile surgical units that rumble up as close to



While Captain Donald O'Hara looks on, Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave probes a soldier for bits of shrapnel.



A tiny jeep car is converted into an ambulance by soldiers in training at the Medical Field Service School.

Right: Gangrene cases from the fighting on Bataan fill this field hospital.

the front line as terrain and tactics dictate: first, a compound fracture of the leg; second, a shattered lower jaw.

In civilian practice, a surgeon would fit together the bones of a compound leg fracture so meticulously that no X-ray in court could prove him negligent. In the combat area, the fast-working surgeon would set the fracture as quickly as possible, sew it up and enclose the entire limb in a plaster cast. This emergency surgical treatment could be perfected, if necessary, weeks or months later.

Take the soldier with the shattered jaw. In civilian practice, a surgeon concentrating on aesthetic facial surgery might work on this type of patient all afternoon. In the Army, the medical surgeon toiling near the front would set the fracture as quickly as possible and suture. This would support the floor of the mouth and prevent the tongue from slipping down the throat and choking the wounded soldier. In other words, the aim of the Army surgeon stationed near the front is to act quickly to save the casualty's life rather than to perform an aesthetic painstaking operation that, months later, might tickle the recovered patient's vanity.

This emergency surgery work might well be done in one of the new, marvelous mobile surgical units which roll into the huge Carlisle "lab" for study and testing by Medical Corps officers. One version of this military medical development consists of seven big olive-drab trucks that back up into a long canvas corridor. The wounded soldiers are carried into a receiving tent,



moved forward into a ward tent and, having been prepared, proceed to the corridor tent into which the trucks are backed. Here the patients are fed into four, mobile operating rooms, shiny, spacious units with powerful overhead lights, hot running water, air conditioning. Lined up beside these mobile operating rooms are an X-ray and sterilizing unit. Within easy reach of eager nurses' hands is an unbelievably huge supply truck in which a narrow corridor lined with steel cabinets leads to the supply officer's desk, over which is funneled a stream of surgical instruments, dressings, antiseptics. A gas-motored power truck supplies the electricity for this efficient unit. In a war of movement, thousands of lives will be saved by these operating rooms on wheels.

The Medical Corps will also be able to defeat "time lag" with air ambulances. But these have definite limitations. First of all, they are good only for the Army that has air control. Secondly, their use is not advisable for casualties with long injuries—for instance, gas cases and

chest wound casualties where changing altitude would aggravate already difficult respiration. Nevertheless, the Medical Corps has air ambulances and has also developed an autogyro that can rush four litter patients to a hospital from formerly inaccessible areas.

To bring medical aid to the armed forces, the Medical Corps has worked out a flexible system designed to contract or expand with the tank battalion. Here again the pre-battle staff meeting will be important, for it is here, over aerial maps, that protected rendezvous will be selected, sheltered spots where wounded can be left by tank commanders and picked up by ambulances. Tank commanders will be instructed to leave their wounded at these places along the routes of advance, where, marked

with a simple device such as a strip of gauze tied to a stick, they may be seen and collected in the roving ambulances. A mobile medical unit will be set up behind the area of action, possibly near the spot where supply crews refuel tanks that drop back for more gas and ammunition. Here there will be plenty of blood plasma on hand, for medical reports show that many armored force casualties suffer from bad burns which cause severe shock and shock calls for fast plasma treatment.

Although tank crews with casualties may find themselves at some distance from the mobile aid units, help can be summoned over the tank's radio.

This war will see unarmed medical officers leaping from planes to follow the paratroops into action. No greater display of courage could be asked of any man. Specially padded medical kits will be dropped by parachutes, enabling the doctor who floats to earth with the troops to give emergency medical care to shock, hemorrhage and fractures. The equipment

(Continued on page 29)

Anecdotalage of the Anatidae, or a collection of duckshooting yarns

By Ray Trullinger



A CAREFUL perusal of those traditional tea leaves and the crystal globe discloses nothing calculated to make this country's 4-F rod and gunners toss their skimmers aloft over 1943's outdoor prospects. Frankly, things don't look so hot at this writing and it's extremely doubtful if conditions will improve as the year lengthens.

Harry Dorer from Atlas Photos

What looms as the biggest headache for anglers and gunners alike—and particularly those who live in heavier populated areas—is the transportation problem. Unless the gas and rubber situation takes a decided turn for the better—which now seems highly improbable—getting to that favorite lake, stream or duck blind isn't going to be easy in 1943. Fortunate gents who live in the middle of good fishing and hunting territory won't, of course, have much difficulty in this respect, but in the instance of the city dude, it'll be an entirely different matter.

A few months back this sentinel was optimistic about getting to and from hunting or fishing territory via bus and rail, but a couple of trips were enough to convince us that riding herd on two bags of decoys, two shotguns, a suitcase and duffel bag, a case of shells and a typewriter, aboard crowded trains, through railroad stations, checkrooms and in taxis, required more fortitude and small change than this sufferer could command. Traveling "light" helps, but it isn't always possible to barge off with a toothbrush and gun and

trust to luck—at least, not these days.

Although many items of fishing gear will be conspicuously missing from sports shop display cases this Spring when the new angling season gets under way, stocks are reasonably complete and generally will be found adequate for this Spring and Summer's requirements. But the end is in sight and a buying splurge will hasten it.

At this time it's almost impossible to buy any kind of ammunition in the East and in all probability the same condition prevails everywhere. Duck or upland game loads aren't to be had for money or jewels; buy a new shotgun or rifle and you're lucky to get two boxes of ammunition with the gun. Hunters who haven't squirreled away any shotgun or rifle fodder for next Fall's hunting are decidedly out of luck, we are sorry to say—but it's true.

THE past hunting season produced its share of good laughs, but one of the loudest to reach these ears resulted from several slight—but im-

(Continued on page 30)

Rod AND Gun





Richard Tregaskis, author of "Guadalcanal Diary", published by Random House.

stands between the excesses of both reactionaries and extreme radicals, and although he asserts he personally is a socialist, he may be said to explain a large part of Winston Churchill's position.

Mr. Angell is trying to interest the average citizen, answer his questions, sweep aside his prejudices and help unite him with others in a common effort. He says these two great wars have come upon us in a single generation because "we have forgotten the elementary social truth that the right of each to life must be defended collectively, by the community", and he adds that if we cannot defend the rights of others against violence, we ourselves will become victims of that violence. Minorities must be given their just share and defense of the Nation must be interdependent, not the work of one group alone.

Some of Mr. Angell's most telling points are made when he discusses the clamor of the radicals in Britain and the United States that the war is the result of capitalism and that no lasting peace can come under the present economic organization for profit. But if capitalism explains the British reverses, what, he asks, explains the German successes? If British reverses were explained by its lack of socialism, how can the victories of Germany and Japan be explained? And when critics accuse the British government of bringing about the war because it appeased Germany, Mr. Angell retorts that "the supreme act of appeasement, the act that precipitated the war", was committed by Russia when it made the non-aggression treaty with Germany. Russia was a socialist government and was supposed to outlaw war. When Hitler wanted to make a deal with Britain so that he would have a free hand to attack Russia, Britain refused, thus apparently supporting a nation that had ac-

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What America is reading



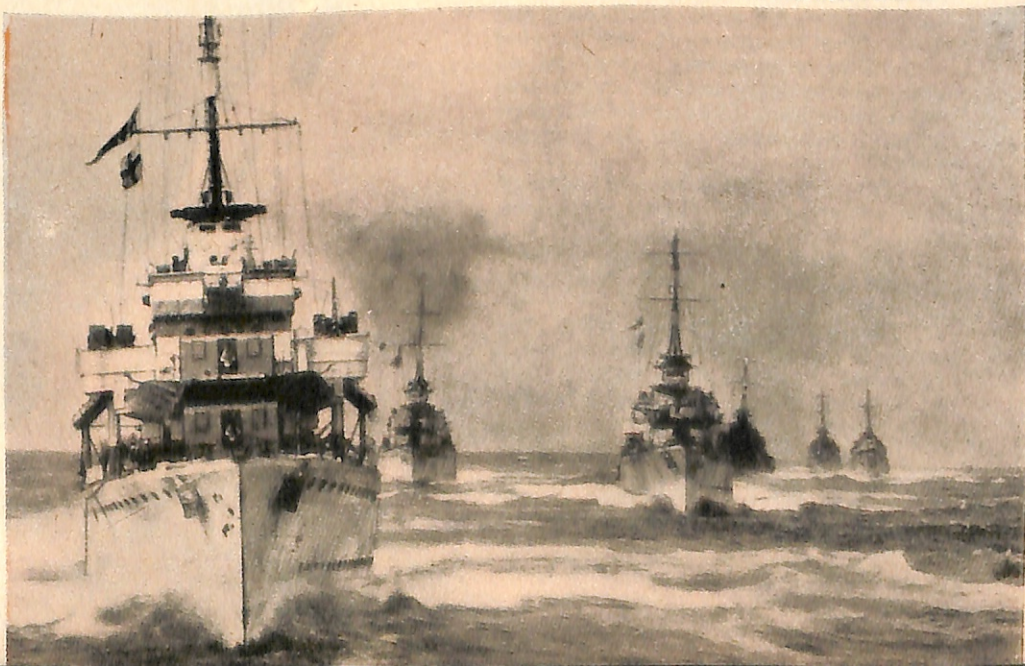
**The current best sellers
are both entertaining
and instructive**

By Harry Hansen

British Official Photo, Crown Copyright Reserved

NORMAN ANGELL has a message from Britain to America in his new book, "Let the People Know". He believes that a great deal of distrust arises from misinformation, some of it cunningly disseminated by political groups that see advancement for their own interest in creating trouble for the Government. He appeals to the American people to put aside their distrust of Great Britain and work with all the English-speaking nations for a better world and general security after the war. His book is important because it speaks for the great, progressive element of Britain that

"Firedrake: The Destroyer That Wouldn't Give Up", by A. D. Divine, published by E. P. Dutton and Company.



"OF COURSE, biology is wonderful," Dorothy said. "But don't look at me like that. Don't be a beast."

"Can't be a beast?"

"Not here."

Perhaps some other place, he thought. Some other time. When I have saved my money. When the furniture is paid for. When the lease on the apartment is arranged.

"When we're married can I be a beast?"

"You will have certain privileges," she said, "that you don't have now." She rearranged the nurse's cap on the dark abundance of her hair. She poached the egg for the appendectomy in six-fourteen. "The Army will do you good," she said. "More good than you will do the Army, I'm afraid." Her beauty remained unconquered by the ether-smell. She was a rose transcending any ether-smell. She was much too good for him. He knew that much. He wished that he had saved his money now. He wondered how his horse made out in the fourth at Narragansett.

"Excuse me," Doctor Lanning said. "There's something I forgot."

She left him, brought the tray to six-fourteen. She was a queen with the egg and the tea on the tray, en route to six-fourteen. He thought she should place the tray on her head and wear it as a crown. He went into a phone booth, spun the dial.

"How'd I make out in the fourth at Narragansett?"

Very poorly, he was told. He hung up the phone. He was heavily dismayed. It showed that you could never trust a horse. The furniture, he thought. He groaned. The feathers for their nest—which Dorothy had chosen with her heart, just gathering dust at Berger's Furniture, Inc., requiring one more payment which he could not make. What would Dorothy say? How could he possibly explain his wanton ways?

She was in the corridor, with the empty tray. Her eyes examined him. "Just called up Mike," he said, "to see if he would be best man. Figured you'd like to have it all settled, darling, so you could tell your folks. He's a great guy, Mike."

"I'm sure I'll love him, too," she said. The trouble was she trusted him. The trouble was there was no evil, no duplicity in her. "And Joe, dear," she said, "—about the furniture. You'll take care of that tonight?"

"Er—yes, I think so, yes. Except that there have been expenses, and—"

"But we had the money, darling. It was saved. You put it in your bank account."

"There was a pal of mine was made a major and he had to get a uniform. I mean, he'll give it back to me next week. Now, don't be disappointed, please."

"I'm not disappointed," she said, though she was disappointed much. "If it was for a friend, then it was all right. These are days in which

friends must help each other. But, darling," she said sweetly, "if you're lying to me, it will be so messy when I cut your heart out with a razor blade. If it were a horse, I mean."

"A horse, a horse," he said. "Heh, heh. Please tell me, lady, what's a horse?"

"I'm going to change now," she said. "My train leaves in forty minutes. Oh, I'm going to miss you so. Two weeks will be forever at a time

like this. But I'll tell Mother and I'll tell—"

"Calling Doctor Lanning!" The voice came out of the wall. "Emergency! Calling Doctor Lanning! Emer—"

"That's me," Joe said.

"That's for a champion." She pressed his hand. "The best interne this hospital ever had. Good luck." She kissed him quickly, caring not who saw them in the corridor. "It



SOMETHING

HE ET, *no doubt*

**Doctor, gangster, nurse
and chief problem, the
doc's weakness for horses.**

By William Fay

will seem so terribly long. Bye, darling, bye."

Then he was in the elevator and there were no stops. Emergency. The elevator dropped him like a stone, and he walked to the emergency ward—all business now, all things forgotten but the job, the unforeseen.

There was a man with a large amount of stomach who was stretched out on the table. He smoked a cigarette and he was talking to a cop. "Who done it?" asked the cop.

"I got kicked by a horse," the big man said. "Hello, Doc."

"Did the horse have a license to carry a gun? Now, listen, Packy," the cop insisted. "Listen, you're an honest man. You don't even sell legal beer. You got the same right any citizen has got to say who shot you in the belly. Ain't he, Doc? This is the famous bootlegger, Doc. Packy Peach. You heard of him?"

"I've observed Mr. Peach's biography in the movies," Doctor Lanning said. "But he doesn't look so much like Edward Arnold. How are you, Packy?"

"How do you think? I'm an orphan of the Eighteenth Amendment and I'm a little tired," the big man said. "Tell Charlie not to talk so much. Here's where the horse kicked me, Doc. Right here. It hurts lovely."

Packy Peach was game. "Horse kicked me, too," Joe Lanning said. "Fourth race at Narragansett. Mmmmmmm." The man had been shot in the abdomen. The bullet went in and the bullet went out and the man by good fortune was rather alive. Joe turned to the cop. "All right, Charlie—blow. My patient's not ready to talk. If you had seen the Edward Arnold version you would know he never talks, even though the guy's retired."

"It ain't as though he was a crook," the cop persisted. "Packy's just a citizen today."

"Sick citizen," Joe said. "Beat it. Come back next week. I know it's fun to be a detective. Heck, I always wanted to be a detective myself."

The nurses cleaned Packy up and put his expensive clothes away, with the hole in the vest and the upper part of the pants, and Packy said, "I counted my dough; I know what's there," and smiled through his pain. Joe's assistant, Dr. Gregg, another interne, did the necessary chores. Joe said, "I'm not the cops. There anything you want to tell me?"

Just close your eyes.
Don't look. Give me
your hand.

"Yeah," said Packy, "when you dig inside you may find some valuables. Two diamonds."

"What?"

"I swallowed 'em. Guys stuck me up an' said, 'Gimme the rocks.' I swallowed 'em like peanuts and I laughed at 'em and I held my stomach and I said, 'Here's where they are.'"

"Then what?"

"Then one guy says, 'Here's a little somethin' else that you can keep down there,' and gimme the slug right here. The guy was sore."

Then Packy swam off in the ether and the last thing Packy said was, "I had the winner in the fourth at Narragansett, Doc."

Packy Peach was a sociable man and his friends sent him flowers and twenty-four hams. "Because I like ham," he said, "an' did you notice, Doc, that fifteen of them hams has come from cops? It shows that I'm reformed."

"It speaks well of you and your friends. Now, raise your arms, that's right. No, thanks; no sandwich now. I had my lunch. No liquor, no. I know it's good."

"I hear you're goin' in the Army, Doc."

"Next month. Camp Feeny on Long Island. I got the commission already but they deferred me when I broke a leg."

"Darned nice of them. I hear

you're gettin' married soon, too."

"That's right. Roll over, now. That hurt? You shouldn't be this playful after one week, Packy, and you'll have to lay off the ham."

"You gonna take your wife in the Army?"

"What? Well, not exactly, but they have decided to station me at this camp for at least six months, so we're taking an apartment close to the camp."

"I got a brother's a big shot in the Army," Packy said. "A great feller name of George. He went to West Point the same time I went to reform school. Peach ain't my real name, Doc. The boys just call me that account of my complexion. I

Illustrated By

JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



come from a nice family, Doc. I won't tell you what my real name is."

"Don't talk so much, Packy. Get some rest. Or your nice family will have a nice corpse."

"An', Doc—"

"What's that?"

"Thanks again for diggin' them rocks out of me." He unfolded a paper packet. He displayed one of the diamonds. "Four carats this one is. But it ain't the size alone, it's the perfection of the thing that counts. It's worth five grand."

"It's pretty," Joe allowed.

"This other one," Packy said, "is not so big but it's just as pretty. See the lights in it? You see? This

Peach, "but don't be stealin' my liquor any more."

"Who—me? Steal liquor? Me?"

"Don't gimme that. Look, here's the necktie I promised you. Now beat it; I'm talkin' to the doc."

The orderly folded the treasured cravat. "That's one of them seven-dollar ties," Packy said. "That's the one I wore in here the night you operated on me, Doc."

It was an unusual tie of unusual design and Joe asked Packy if he knew how many Chinamen could be fed for seven bucks. Packy said he didn't have the least idea, but that nothing was too good for his friends. The orderly departed. "An' like I was tellin' you," said Packy Peach, "if you don't take this rock for the little girl I'll swaller them rocks all over again. I never had true love myself, though I've wanted it."

DOROTHY returned from Cleveland, where her parents lived. She ran to him. He watched the happy flash of her smile and felt the happiness and great expectancy she brought to him. This was the girl, the only one. "It's been a hundred thousand years," he said.

"It's been longer than that," she said. "I thought I had an upper on a glacier. Oh, such flowers—such beautiful flowers!"

"A lady in three-twenty-five had twins," he said. "It was a simple matter to put them under my coat."

"You didn't!"

"What do you think?"

They walked happily. The autumn wind blew big and prowled the alleys between the buildings and the lights were dimmed throughout the city where they walked.

"Eat?" she said. "Eat, darling? I would have eaten the conductor were my hunger not for you. Mother was fine, and father, too. They said they were sure they would like you; they could tell by looking at your picture. Your leg is all right, darling?"

"Leg is fine." He danced a bit. "Doesn't even hurt in the cold. Trouble is my legs don't look like yours. If they looked like yours I would commit egomony. What's that? Egomony is a word that I just coined. It means I would marry myself if I had legs like yours. Then I wouldn't have to buy the furniture."

"You didn't buy it yet?"

He pushed her through the swinging doors of a place called Pete's Italian Parlor and he didn't have to answer her until the waiter seated them in the back and took their order.

"Didn't you?" she asked again.

He enjoyed it very much. He said, "You have at times scored me for my improvidence. You said that I would not submerge my love for horses to the economic realities of courtship and of marriage. You have haggled with me about the furniture. Did I pay Berger's for it yet?"

"Well, did you?"

"No—but I did something else. Just close your eyes. Don't look. Give me your hand. Don't look until I say that you should look. Look now."

The solitaire shone brighter than the polished sugar bowl. She looked at it. She looked again. She said, "It isn't *real*!"

"To have and to hold," Joe said. He admired the setting, too. The setting cost him fifty bucks and left him with exactly twelve.

"It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"I saved me nickles and me dimes."

"You're so generous. So sinfully good to me. We can't afford it, but I love it so." She held the ring away from her and looked at it. And swept her hand in an arc and followed the light of it. He was becoming a little ashamed. "Eat your antipasto," he said. "The salami's fine."

The ring was a bit too large for her finger and Dorothy expressed the fear that she might lose it. She said she loved the ring but loved him even more and understood now why the dollars for the pluming of their love-nest had dissolved so mystifyingly when in his hands. "I can have the ring made smaller," Joe said. "Simple matter. Bring it to the guy tomorrow. Gimme. Here." He put it in his pocket.

"Don't lose it," she said. "I'll pray for it."

They had been long in Pete's Italian Parlor. He paid the check. His twelve bucks had been whittled to the tinkling of some dimes. "I want to wash my hands," he said.

He went into the wash room. His hands were full of soap when two men walked into the place and one of them said, "Okay, mister; give it."

He was looking in the mirror above the basin and he could see their faces and they were not pleasant faces but the kind of faces that so often rested in the morgue when he was learning anatomy. It added to his impotence to have his hands thus full of soap.

"Give you what?" he asked. It did not sound like his own voice at all.

"The rocks."

He could hear the whirring of the little fan that took the smoke out of the kitchen and the washroom that adjoined. He could see and would always remember the patterns of the tile along the wall. He had inner-sickness to a great degree. He would stuff a ham down Packy Peach's throat. He would not only like to see the hams thrown out the window, but it would please him to have the hams wrapped up in Packy when they traveled into space.

"Give it," said the man again, and Joe, moving his head, but only his head, could see the blue glint of the gun the man held in his hand. The other man just stood there, pasty-faced and dangerous, no gun in

(Continued on page 38)

Packy opened his mouth and with much disdain she dropped a diamond ring into it.

is two carats or a little more. It's worth at least a grand. It's yours."

"It's *what*?"

"It's not so big that it's vulgar. I know that you're a high-class guy or I'd give you the bigger one. It's somethin' for your bride, an engagement ring. I mean, an interne don't make any kind of dough an' the little lady don't have to know it was in a feller's stomach."

"But it's impossible, Packy. If I could pay for a thing like that it might be different."

"Then she wouldn't know you been losin' your life's blood on them beasts at Narragansett. She says, 'Where's the green grass for the furniture?' and you say, 'Baby, I been goin' without eatin' just to buy this little rock for you.'"

"It has its possibilities, but, Packy, it couldn't be."

"I will throw all the hams out the winder an' I will swaller the rocks again if I can't make a present to a pal."

The orderly came in and Joe instructed him to stack the hams at the other side of the room so that Packy couldn't gnaw on them like ears of corn.

"I like ham, too," the orderly announced.

"Then take one home," said Packy

Field Sketches

By Marshall Davis

"Here are a few impressions of recent Third Army maneuvers in Louisiana. It is on these large-scale operations that both officers and men get the real 'know how' of defeating the enemy. The problems are rugged, but when the Army comes up against the real thing it will know what to do—and do it."



— WAITING FOR THE MORNING
MIST TO RISE



IT SPEAKS —
AND FIGHTS LIKE
HELL — TOO

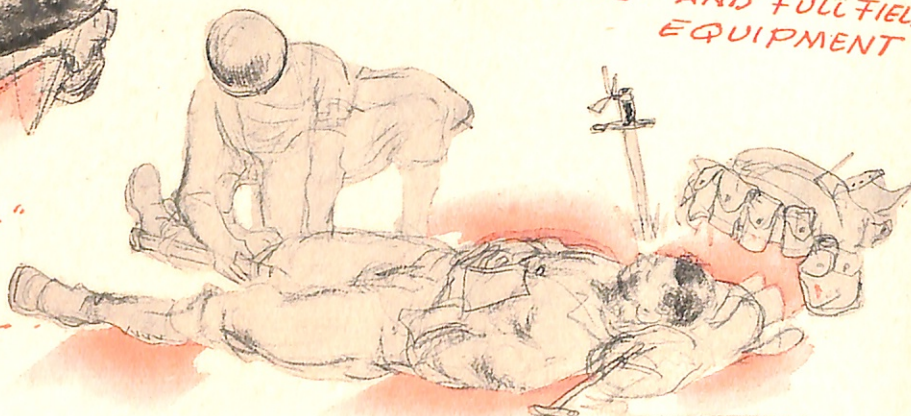
"WALKIE-
TALKIE" AND FULL FIELD
EQUIPMENT



© MARSHALL DAVIS

BIVOUAC "BOODWAH"

EMERGENCY
FIELD AID —



HED RATHER BE REALLY
WOUNDED — THAN A
SIMULATED CASUALTY.

THE "CROOKED
LOOK" — GETTING
THE BEAD ON
TARGET THROUGH
A TANKS PEROSCOPIC
SIGHT.

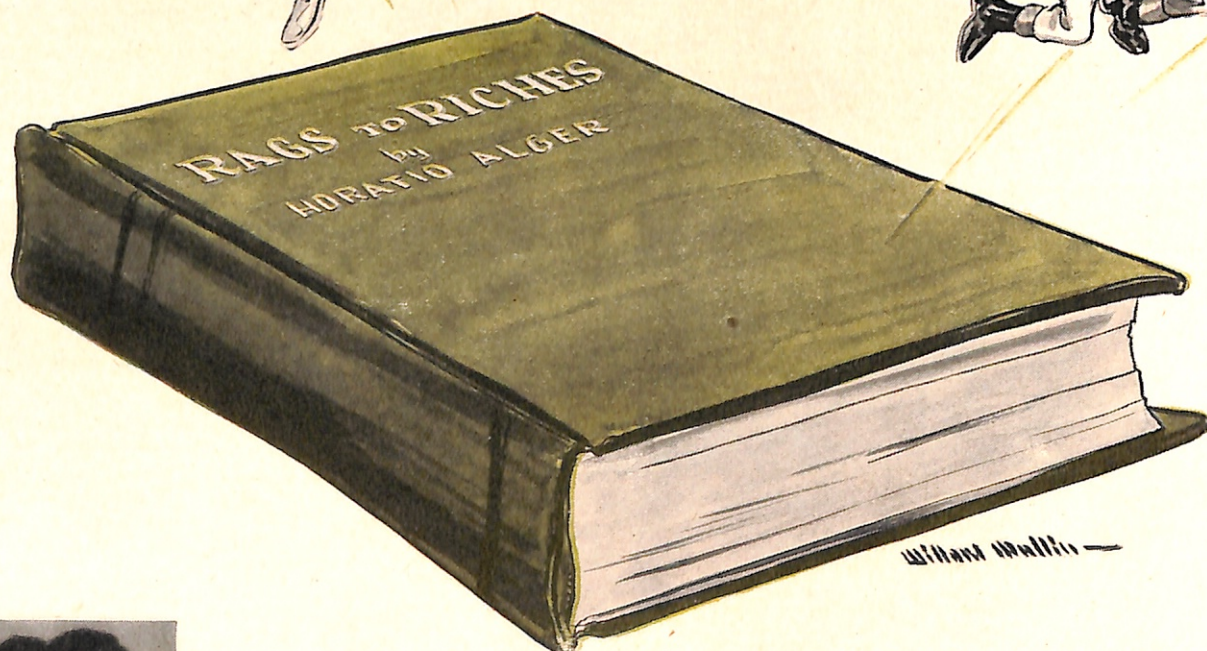


ONE ON — AND
ONE OFF AT
AN ADVANCE
OBSERVATION
POST.

"MOVING UP"
→



American Success Story



**By
Stanley
Frank**

THIS is a cynical age; it is fashionable to laugh indulgently at the Horatio Alger rags-to-riches routine as a museum piece of corny Americans. The Alger formula, telling of the poor—but honest—boy of humble origin climbing Slowly & Surely up the Ladder by hard work

and strength of character is as outmoded as a pair of gaiters or a week-end drive in the country. We look, with a knowing leer, for a successful man's "angle", his connections, for the dead cats in the closet. We consider Alger a synonym for romantic pap—and then we look to the sports pages of the newspapers for the realistic pay-off of the virtues we ridicule.

Sports give every-day expression to the American success story. It is, perhaps, the last field which conforms consistently to the classic American tradition. The hero invariably is a poor boy—for reasons which presently will be made clear—who reached the top by knocking his brains out with harsh, grinding work

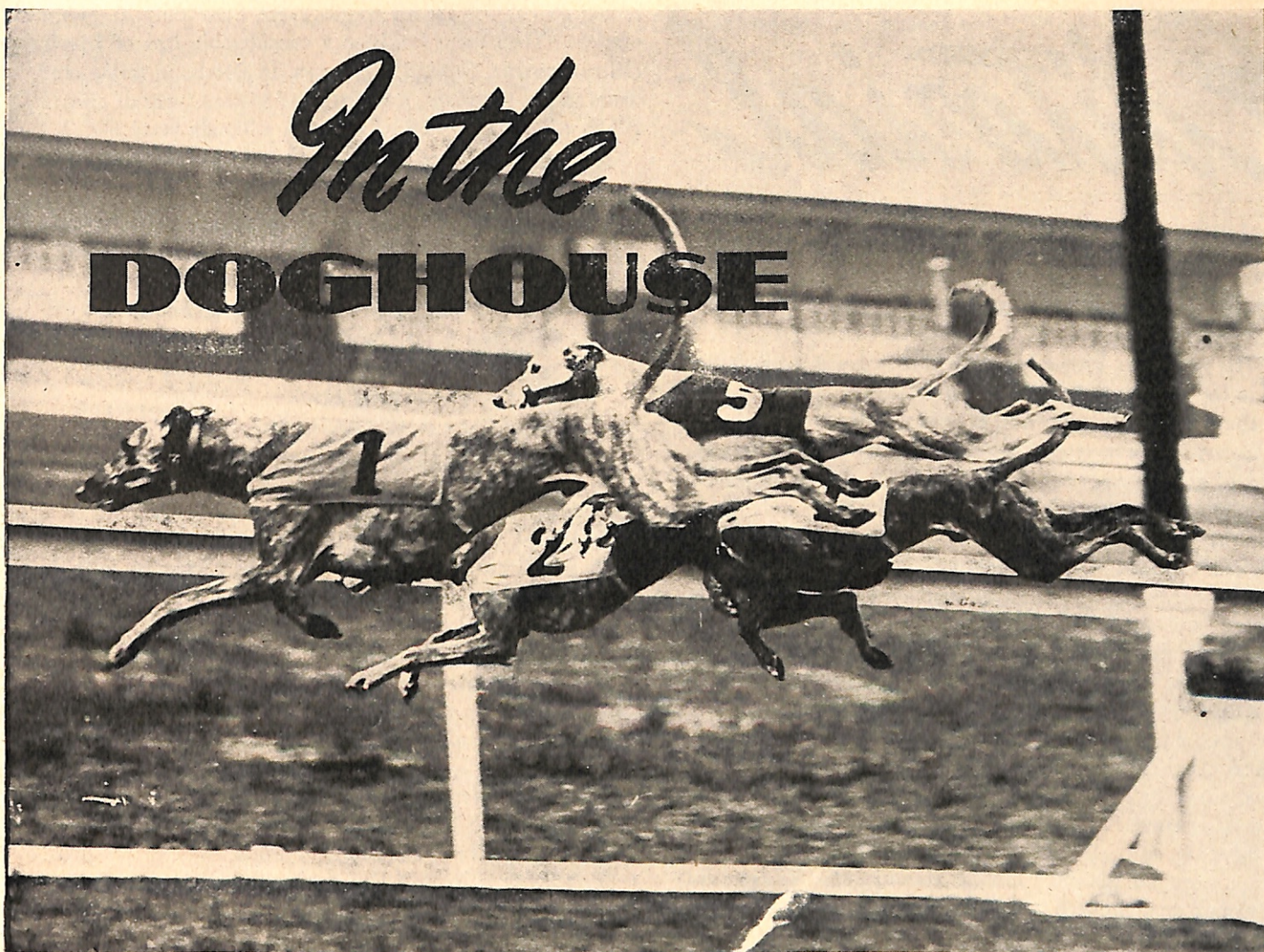
and self-denial. He started from absolute scratch and he knows democracy, theoretically giving all free men an equal chance, really works.

He is Joe Smith or Joe Syzmanski, American. He is Beau Jack, colored, a waif who has earned the lightweight championship of the world and financial security for the rest of his life in a country that admires and rewards, for all its cynicism, courage and character.

It is not necessary to speak symbolically of a composite American kid when you have a very real Beau Jack, who is a composite of all the world's racial strains. Beau Jack was born twenty-two years ago in

(Continued on page 43)

In the DOGHOUSE



Wide World Photos, Inc.

with Ed Faust

Greyhounds completing a hurdle during an exciting race.



For speed the greyhound is canine king. His training involves many things including a considerable amount of folding money.

RIGHT now there are some seven thousand purps throughout the country whose mission in life has been almost wholly destroyed by the war. I refer to racing dogs. Up to the time that Mr. Whiskers decided to do something about the Nazis and the Japs, dog racing was one of the fastest growing sports in America and there's nary a doubt among its followers that when Johnny comes marching home it will pick up right where it left off.

Between the hoss people and the dog folks there is a decided difference of opinion as to which sport is the more thrilling. But then 'twas ever so: what is one man's meat is an-

other man's spinach. There's excitement in plenty, watching the hounds streak around the track clad in their colored, numbered blankets. Especially is this so if you have your money down on one of them. As to the comparative honesty of both sports, the dog people point out that there's no jockey to whisper naughty instructions to the dog. This, of course, overlooks that fact that now and again Fido has been hocused with pretty much the same penalties, dealt to the perfidious owner or handler when discovered, as are accorded among the horse people.

For about thirty seconds after the dogs' starting boxes fly open, the

crowd in the grandstand remains delirious, rooting for their favorites. Then comes comparative quiet and a scramble on the part of the winners for the pari-mutuel windows. Oh, yes, there's excitement. Plenty.

Organized dog racing began in this country in 1920—in California. The idea took hold and spread to wherever betting was legalized. At one time there were no less than ten dog tracks in Florida, one in Portland, Oregon, two in Massachusetts, three in the vicinity of San Francisco and ten or fifteen others distributed around the country. It was difficult to keep accurate count of most of the latter because these were small tracks and lacked the permanence of the bigger, better equipped organizations.

As mentioned earlier, before the war there were about seven thousand dogs eligible for racing, most of them registered with the American Kennel Club, which of course means that they are pure-breds. There is a small amount of whippet racing done but by far the majority

(Continued on page 41)

Editorial

A Bloody Year

THE year 1942 probably recorded the greatest loss of life in the world's history. No figures are available by which the truth of this statement can be reliably established. We know, however, that this loss of life has been enormous. We read of thousands being killed on land, sea and in the air throughout the year, and the end is not yet for the slaughter continues in the present year. This year may register many more deaths than 1942, but this would seem to be improbable. Unquestionably the ranks of fighting men have been seriously depleted, and yet others are taking the place of those who have fallen and the net result is not known and probably never will be known. It is too awful to contemplate. And then, to think that this loss of life is due primarily to one man who apparently is pleased with what he has accomplished. If there is one place in hell hotter than any other, that is where he should be placed after he has been made to suffer all that we have been able to do for him in retaliation for the pain and suffering he has brought into the world. Having been so placed there he should remain until the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

The loss of life during the year, however, has not been due entirely to the war, although from other causes the loss has been inconsiderable. The Boston fire snuffed out hundreds of lives, and this could have been avoided. An investigation fixes the responsibility for this disaster and eleven men have

been indicted for failure to discharge their duty as public officials. Then there has been a considerable loss of life in railroad wrecks, in airplane wrecks, in floods, in traffic accidents and in shootings, stabbings and various types of crimes. All in all, 1942 may be set down as a bloody year!

Benjamin Franklin's Sayings

"SPARE and have is better than spend and crave."
"Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him."

"Diligence overcomes difficulties, sloth makes them."

"The busy man has a few idle visitors; to the boiling pot, the flies come not."

"Lost time is never found again."

"Idleness is the greatest prodigality."

"Beware of little expenses, a small leak will sink a great ship."

"Industry pays debts, despair increases them."

"Pay what you owe, and you'll know what is your own."

"A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly."

"Eat to live, and not live to eat."

"The rotten apple spoils his companions."

"We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness."

"An honest man will receive neither money nor praise that is not his due."

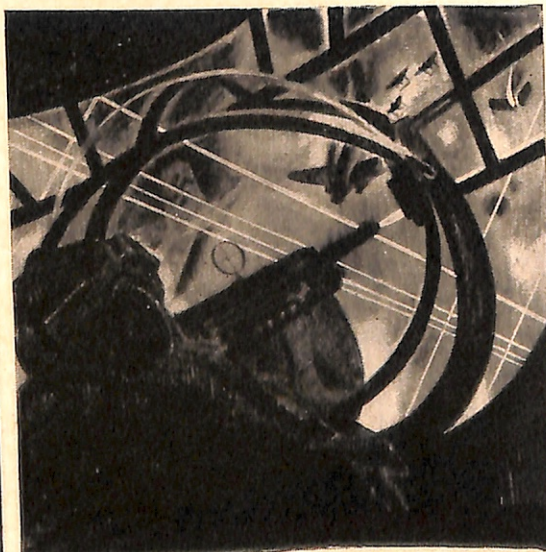
"God helps them that help themselves."

"But dost thou love Life, then do not squander Time, for that's the stuff Life is made of."

"Lost Time is never found again; and what we call Time enough, always proves little enough."

"There is no little enemy."

"Remember, that time is money . . . Remember, that credit is money . . . Remember, that money is of the prolific generating nature . . . Remember, that six pounds a year is but a groat a day."



"Remember this saying, 'The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.'"

"He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare."

"The way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both."

A Fiend's Declaration

AUGUST 22, 1939, Hitler delivered to his henchmen a diatribe which was characteristic and serves to brand him with the contempt in which he is held. The report was not made public until October of this year due to his threats, but the Chief of the Associated Press Bureau in Berlin gives us the story which thus authenticated is accepted as a plain statement of the facts. In judging the man and appraising him on his own language the story is well worth reading, rereading and keeping in mind. It shows the character of the man, or rather of the fiendish devil, who has brought this terrible war on the world.

The complete abstract of what he said follows:

"Ever since the autumn of 1938, and because I realized that Japan would not join us unconditionally and that Mussolini is threatened by that nit-wit of a King and the treasonable scoundrel of a Crown Prince, I decided to go with Stalin.

"In the last analysis, there are only three great statesmen in the world—Stalin, I and Mussolini. Mussolini is the weakest, for he has been unable to break the power of either the Crown or the Church.

"Our strength consists in our speed and in our brutality. Genghis Khan led millions of women and children to slaughter—with premeditation and a happy heart. History sees in him solely the founder of a state. It is a matter of indifference to me what a weak Western

civilization will say about me.

"I have issued the command—and I'll have anybody who utters but one word of criticism executed by a firing squad—that our war aim does not consist in reaching certain lines, but in the physical destruction of the enemy.

"I got to know those wretched worms, Daladier and Chamberlain, in Munich. They will be too cowardly to attack. They won't go beyond a blockade.

"Poland will be depopulated and then settled by Germans. My pact with Poland was intended to gain time.

"After Stalin's death—he is a very sick man—we shall demolish the Soviet Union. The dawn of German domination of the world will then break.

"We shall have to count on Japan's reneging. I have given Japan a full year's time. The Emperor is a counterpart of the last Czar. Weak, cowardly, undecided. May he fall a victim to the revolution.

"We shall continue to stir up unrest in the Far East and in Arabia.

"The opportunity is favorable as never before. Be tough! Be without compassion."

The American Creed

"BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its Flag and to defend it against all enemies."

This Creed was written by William Tyler Page in 1917 and was accepted by the House of Representatives on behalf of the American people April 3, 1918. Every Elk should commit it to memory and daily recite it.



Decorations by John J. Flaherty, Jr.

THE

Elks IN THE WAR



Above are some of the "G" Boxes which Dalton, Ga., Lodge has sent recently to members in the Service.



Left are service men and hostesses who were photographed at a party held at Norwich, Conn., Lodge's Fraternal Center.

Below is the first Japanese submarine captured by the United States, on exhibition at Tucson, Ariz., during a bond-selling campaign which was sponsored by Tucson Lodge. More than \$200,000 in bonds were sold in a day.





Above: A Red Cross surgical dressing room in the home of Decatur, Ill., Lodge hums like a beehive as a need for more and more surgical dressings grows all over the globe.

Below are members of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge who donated \$500 recently to the purchase of an automobile for the local Red Cross Motor Corps. The Captain of the Corps is shown receiving the key to the car.



Above is a typical scene in the billiard room at the Elks Fraternal Center established by Petersburg, Va., Lodge, where many service men relax and find comfort when on leave.



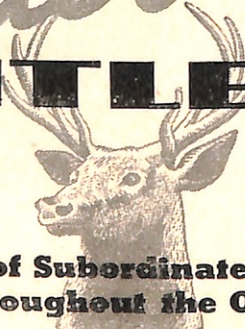
Right: A snapshot taken of the exterior of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge's Fraternal Center, with the car which is devoted specially to the use of service men and their hostesses.





Above are children who were entertained at a party given for them each year by Whittier, Calif., Lodge.

Under the **ANTLERS**



**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**

El Reno, Okla., Lodge Presents Grand Treasurer George M. McLean For Reelection

El Reno, Oklahoma, Lodge, No. 743, announces that it has endorsed the candidacy of Past Exalted Ruler George M. McLean for reelection as Grand Treasurer. Mr. McLean is serving his second term as Grand Treasurer and has performed all the duties of his office with the highest degree of efficiency.

A committee, the members of which are the 20 Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, has been appointed by El Reno Lodge with Robert M. Mallonee as Chairman to act in the presentation of the Grand Treasurer's candidacy at the Grand Lodge Convention this coming July.

St. Joseph, Mich., Elks Give "G" Box Packing the Personal Touch

Members of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, spent an evening before the holidays filling and packing "G" Boxes for fellow members serving in the Nation's Armed Forces. While they worked, patriotic selections were played by an orchestra and vocal selections were rendered.

Bright rays from two spotlights shone upon the service flag with its 37 stars, hung at one end of the room. Over it waved a small American Flag. At a long table in the center of the room were stationed members appointed by Chairman Lamont Tufts who originated the idea. First a box of cigars was placed in



Left are members of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, shown as they presented an invalid's chair to a 16-year-old infantile paralysis victim.

Right: Officers and members of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge are shown as they burned the mortgage on the Lodge home during the celebration held on the occasion of D.D. David Knight's official visit to his home Lodge.

Below, right are the officers of the Elks Bowling League of Danville, Ill., Lodge. Bowling is one of Danville Lodge's most popular activities.

a "G" Box which was then passed along the assembly line. Two cartons of cigarettes, candy, chewing gum and a Christmas card, especially designed for the occasion, were added. Two members who were to leave on the following Saturday, Larry Zick and Joe Meluck, had the pleasure of receiving in person the first two boxes completed.

An exterior view of the lodge home showing the entrance and the large American Flag flying from the pole on the roof were pictured on the Christmas card. Post cards with the same picture but inset with the likenesses of the lodge's two popular stewards, Charles Archut and Jack Johnson, were at the disposal of the membership so that all could send personal greetings to their brother Elks in the Service. Names and addresses were available at tables conveniently placed about the room. More than 400 cards were mailed that evening.

Harry A. Gallwey, Distinguished Montana Elk, Dies at Butte

Harry A. Gallwey, aged 76, a prominent leader in civic and fraternal circles in Montana for many years, passed away at the family home in Butte on December 27, 1942, after a long illness. Mr. Gallwey was a Past Exalted Ruler

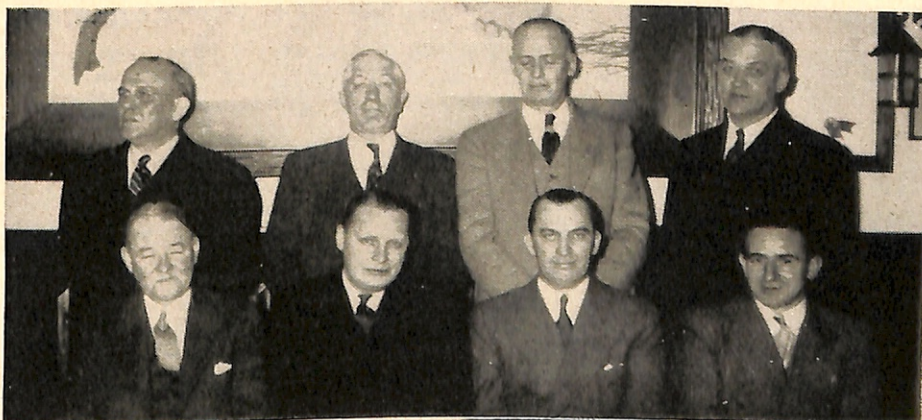
of Butte Lodge No. 240 and the Montana State Elks Association's first president.

Mr. Gallwey was born in Virginia City, Nev., and grew to manhood in that famous mining district from which most of the operators who later helped to make Butte the great copper camp of the world were recruited. He was a protégé of Marcus Daly, the "copper king". Both came to Butte from Nevada, Mr. Daly as the founder and builder, Mr.

Gallwey as the young man in whom he placed implicit confidence. Mr. Gallwey was manager of the Parrott mine and smelter for a number of years. In 1911 he became General Manager of the Butte, Anaconda and Pacific Railway, continuing in that important position until his death. He was identified with the interests of the Anaconda for more than half a century, going through some of the most trying times the mining in-

Right are those who attended the meeting of the Elks Defense Commission of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge and the initiation of the "Fight for Freedom" Class into the Lodge—Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and George Hall, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, are seated in the front row.

Below is the "Fight for Freedom" Class initiated into Columbia, S. C., Lodge recently. Among the candidates were Gov. R. M. Jeffries and Gov.-Elect Olin D. Johnston.





Above is the "Fight for Freedom" Class recently initiated into Tucson, Ariz., Lodge.



Left: Senator Bruce A. Wallace with Miss Florence Woods, a teacher at the Camden Orthopedic School; Sgt. Ray Smith, Pres. of the Camden, N. J., Elks Crippled Children's Committee, and E.R. Edward J. Griffith, with a few of the children who were entertained at the Lodge's annual party.

dustury has ever known. Serving Silver Bow County in 12 sessions of the State Legislature, including two in the State Senate, Mr. Gallwey played a prominent part in shaping Montana's course in matters affecting its future welfare. His long political career was spectacular and his public service of inestimable value to the community and the State.

Mr. Gallwey was an Elk for more than 40 years. Initiated into No. 240 in 1899,

he was elected Exalted Ruler two years later and made a life member in 1909. He served as District Deputy in 1904-05. Butte Lodge has held frequent "Gallwey Nights" in recent years, and the Montana State Elks Association, holding its 1942 convention in the city of Butte, honored him by designating the meeting the "Harry A. Gallwey Jubilee Convention".

On the Tuesday after his death, Mr. Gallwey's body was taken to the lodge

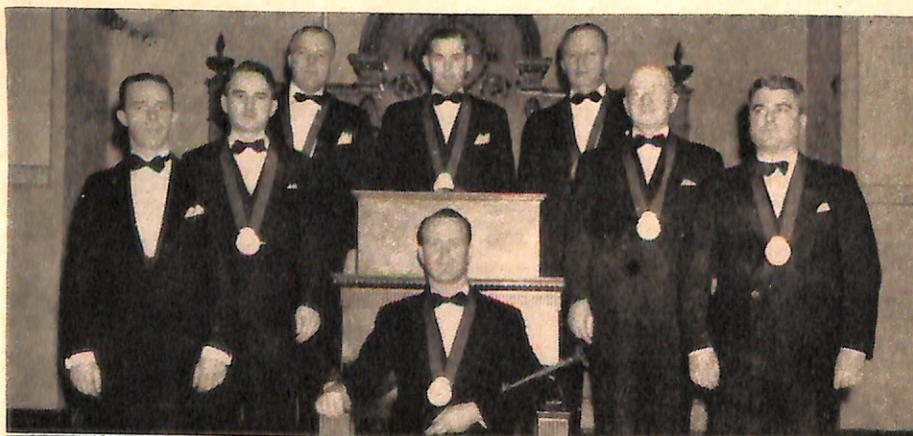
home, and that evening the Elks Memorial Service was held, with old-time officers occupying the Chairs. Funeral services, conducted in the Elks' Hall the next morning, preceded the celebration of a solemn Requiem High Mass at the Immaculate Conception Church. Burial took place in Holy Cross Cemetery. To quote from the eulogy given at the Elks' service by D. M. Kelly, Vice-President of the Anaconda Company and long a close associate of Mr. Gallwey as a fellow member of Butte Lodge, Harry A. Gallwey "enjoyed a wide and sincere friendship which extended to people in all walks of life". In character and personality, he reflected the highest attributes of manhood.

Elkhart Lodge Contributes Toward Purchase of Car for Motor Corps

Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425, donated \$500 recently toward the purchase of an

Left is Cumberland, Md., Lodge's Ritualistic Team which is now in permanent possession of the trophy offered by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Assn. This Lodge won the contest last December for the third consecutive year.

Below are some of the members of two classes of candidates which were recently initiated into Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge.





Above: Members of Bozeman, Mont., Lodge who were present when the "Fight for Freedom" Class was initiated and the mortgage on the Lodge home was burned.

automobile for the local Red Cross Motor Corps. After the car was bought, a brief ceremony was held in front of the lodge home. E.R. Edward F. Lux made the formal presentation of the ignition key to Mrs. O. P. Bassett, Captain of the Corps. The Trustees of the lodge, Vernon S. Kantz and P.E.R.'s Theodore A. Reitz, Claude A. Lee and Secy. M. E. Diley, were among those assembled on the sidewalk with representatives of the Corps and other officials.

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John D. Shea Is Dead

John D. Shea, twice elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and a Past Exalted Ruler of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19, died at Boston, Mass., on January 6, just a short time before his 69th birthday. Mr. Shea was one of the most widely known and best loved members of the Order, not only in his native New England but throughout the country. For almost a quarter of a century Mr. Shea had been New England sales representative of the Owens-Illinois Glass Company with headquarters at Boston. Prior to his affiliation with that company he was a well known hotel man, operating

Right are officers of Johnstown and Lehigh, Pa., Lodges who conducted the festivities when a class of 15 candidates from Lehigh and Stroudsburg were initiated.

Below are those who attended the Golden Anniversary Banquet held by Warren, Pa., Lodge.

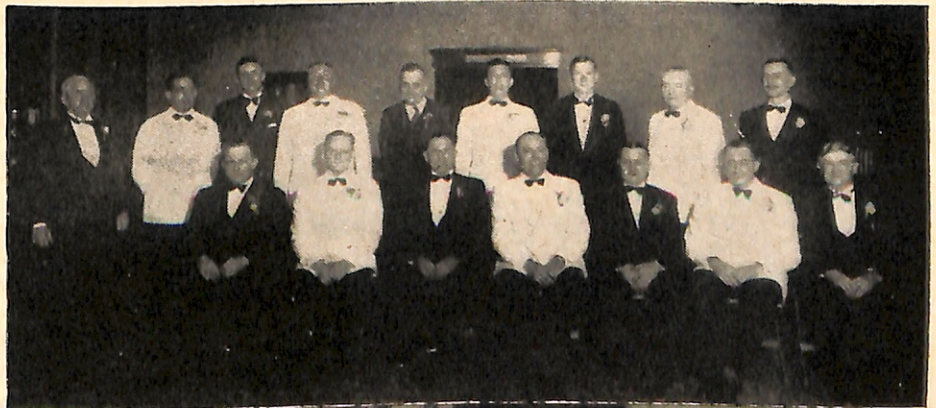
Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

the former New Dom Hotel at Hartford and the Haynes Hotel at Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Shea served as Exalted Ruler of Hartford Lodge in 1904-05. He was District Deputy for Connecticut, East, in 1906-07 and was first elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at the Philadelphia Convention in 1907. He was reelected to this second highest office in the Order in 1908 at Dallas, Texas. In 1911 he was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials and in succeeding years he served on a number of other important Grand Lodge Committees. Beginning with 1905, he attended every Grand Lodge Session and for a number of years was in charge of the "New England Special" which annually took the New England delegation to the Grand Lodge Conventions.





Above: Members of Fresno, Calif., Lodge, who attended a testimonial dinner for A. C. Kallenbach, Secretary of the Lodge and Club Manager

Mr. Shea's funeral at Quincy, Mass., on January the 9th, was attended by a host of friends from all parts of New England and delegations from several cities, and by Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, of New York, and John F. Malley, of Boston. He was laid to rest in the Shea family plot at Fitchburg, Mass. Mr. Shea is survived by one brother, "Con" Shea of Bridgeport, Conn.

Major General A. E. Anderson, Queens Borough Elk, Is Dead

Major General Alexander E. Anderson, Commander of the Eighty-Sixth Division and a member of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, since 1930, died in Texas on December the 24th. He was buried on December the 29th at the Gate

Members in service overseas

are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodges and the magazine office informed of their correct mailing address.

Under the new postal regulations, copies of the Magazine may not be forwarded as third-class mail to A.P.O.'s overseas by the member's family.

If you are serving in our Armed Forces stationed outside continental United States, send us your complete address together with the name of your Lodge, and, if possible, your membership number.

of Heaven Rest, Hawthorne, N. Y., with full military honors following funeral services attended by 2,000 persons, at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

General Anderson was born in New York on November 23, 1889. His Army career began in 1910 when he enlisted in the 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in 1912 and to Captain in 1916. He served in France in World War I, was decorated for heroism and returned with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

General Anderson was made a Brigadier General in the National Guard in 1938 and placed in command of the 27th Division. He served overseas after the outbreak of war. He returned on December the 12th, 1942, was promoted to the rank of Major General and placed in command of the newly formed 86th Division at Camp Howze, Texas. He was the first member of the National Guard in World War II to reach this rank.

As a member of Queens Borough Lodge, General Anderson served on many important committees and took an active interest at all times in the

Left are children who attended a party given for them by Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge not long ago.

Below are those who attended a dinner given by Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge in honor of D.D. Dr. William Haverkost, Jr.





Above are a few of the 1,000 youngsters who were entertained recently at a vaudeville and "Mickey Mouse" movie by Miami, Fla., Lodge.

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan is shown with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and his son, Marcus H. Sullivan, as they talked with E.R. Max Ulin, of Boston, Mass., Lodge. The reception in Mr. Sullivan's honor was celebrated by the initiation of his son into the Order.



welfare and activities of the lodge. At a reception accorded him by Queens Borough Lodge last November, when he was recalled from overseas to receive his promotion to the rank of Major General, he spoke in particular to the fathers of boys in the Service, outlining the work being done by the Army on behalf of the young men serving our colors.

General Anderson is survived by his widow, two sons, Lieut. Daniel J. Anderson and Sergeant Alexander Edward Anderson, and three daughters.

Right are some of those who attended the Golden Anniversary festivities of Moscow, Ida., Lodge. George Weber, the only living charter member of the Lodge, cut the Anniversary cake.

Below: Members of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge gathered to greet a member, Ted Dudley, Jr., home on furlough after his ship was sunk in the African invasion. Parkersburg Lodge keeps a place set in memory of absent Brothers who are in the Service.

Dalton, Ga., Lodge Promotes War Bond Sales; Owns \$12,000 Worth

Dalton, Ga., Lodge, No. 1267, instituted only three years ago, has an impressive record of achievement in war work. The lodge sponsored the sale of bonds in a "Buy a Bomber" campaign recently and was directly responsible for the sale of \$117,675 worth of War Bonds in the city of Dalton, this in excess of normal month-

ly purchases in Whitfield County.

Dalton Lodge owns \$12,000 worth of War Bonds. Twenty-two "G" Boxes sent recently to members in the Service, contained in addition to the usual cigarettes, razorblades, etc., Planters Peanuts, Crackerjack, Bull Durham and cashew nuts.

For their work in the Bond Drive, 50 Girl Scouts were given a barbecue supper by the Dalton Elks. The girls sold \$650 worth of War Stamps.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and distinguished Massachusetts Elks, receives the key to the city of Northampton, Mass., which he visited to attend initiatory exercises.



Left: Mr. Sullivan meets D.D. Joseph Casey of Melrose, Mass., Lodge on his homecoming visitation. With them is E.R. Fay W. Scofield.

Houston, Tex., Lodge Initiates Pearl Harbor Replacement Class

The membership of the largest lodge in the southern States, Houston, Tex., No. 151, has been increased to more than 2,000 by the initiation of a class of 220 candidates. The first section of the class was initiated on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, who made a special trip to Houston to attend the ceremonies,

personally administered the obligation to the 205 members of the section. The other fifteen were initiated at a follow-up ceremonial on December 22.

The Class was designed to replace in active membership those members of the lodge who had been called into the U. S. Armed Forces between December 7, 1941, and October 1, 1942. It was officially designated the Pearl Harbor Replacement Class. Through a coincidence, the number of Houston Elks in the Serv-

ice last October the 1st was 220, the exact number of candidates in the Class. In addition, some thirty others who had made application for the Class, and were elected to membership, were still awaiting induction. They were prevented from presenting themselves for initiation for various reasons, including the fact that many in war work could not arrange to be present on either date.

All arrangements were made by E.R. L. J. Kubena and Frank S. Henshaw, General Chairman of the Committee. A specially prepared letter addressed to each Houston Elk in the Service was provided for every member of the Class. After the ceremonies, the signed letters were immediately gathered up by Esquire W. Paul Fuller and mailed posthaste, to start their journeys without delay to many different parts of the world.

(Continued on page 34)



Left is the "Fight for Freedom" Class recently initiated into Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Lodge by the Lodge officers.

Below are underprivileged children who were entertained and fitted with shoes by Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge at a recent annual party.



There's a Doctor in the House

(Continued from page 7)

will also include such necessities as morphine, artery clamps for hemorrhage, catgut for sutures, blood plasma and the new folding splints which have been developed in the Carlisle "lab". This "parachute hospital" will also have the new folding litters with light but sturdy, steel frames from the Carlisle "lab" as well as extra blankets to keep shock patients warm.

"The winning of a war is dependent upon the rapidity with which the *petite blessés*—the slightly wounded—are returned to their outfits." Marshal Foch said this 25 years ago but it still holds good today. For the great majority of the wounded are what the moustached marshal called "*petits blessés*", soldiers suffering from light wounds that do not produce shock or serious disability: flesh wounds of the hands and arms, head, neck and trunk, legs and feet. Modern treatment speeds their recovery with sulfa drugs and the "closed plaster" treatment which frequently permits wounded soldiers to sit up in ambulances, thus providing space for another casualty. Carlisle students learn that these men—according to Marshal Foch's dictum—are not tagged for a ride to the end of the evacuation chain but are to be steered off at some station along the line, perhaps at the evacuation hospital, there to be treated and rested and then returned to their units as soon as they are fit to fight again. The Medical Corps officer knows that the speedy return of recovered casualties has a very beneficial effect on the morale of their buddies at the front.

The Army's school at Carlisle didn't exist in the last war; it wasn't founded until 1920. Without doubt that is one of the main reasons why a reserve colonel from Harvard Medical remarked after the Armistice, "In the last war, American doctors had no idea of what was expected of them." But they have today; Carlisle has seen to that. About 20,000 medical men have gone through this unique school, most of them in recent years. Today the course that once took six months is crammed into sixty days for the average class of 600 doctors who are learning the striking difference between civilian and military medicine.

The corridors of Hoff Hall, Carlisle's handsome new fieldstone building, are crowded with young men armed with medical degrees from almost every American medical school. Here, on the same field where the super-athlete Jim Thorpe once led his unbeaten Carlisle Indians, these young M.D.'s are learning about the "chain of evacuation" and "preventive medicine".

THE inscription on Hoff Hall reads: "To Conserve Fighting Strength." Preventive medicine has a good deal

to do with conservation of fighting strength. This term implies not only the speedy return of lightly wounded men to their outfits with fast, modern medical treatment but the prevention of those thousand and one ailments and diseases that attack groups of men in the field, everything from dysentery to typhus.

Young doctors fresh from their internships know that in civilian medicine they can rely on the Department of Public Health to check the spread of contagious diseases. At Carlisle these young doctors learn that when they march with troops in the field they, the doctors, become the Department of Health. It's up to them to see that food, fingers and flies don't spread typhoid or that lice don't spread typhus. It's up to these Carlisle-trained men to see that food is not contaminated, that clothes are thoroughly de-loused and that drinking water is properly sterilized.

On the field at Carlisle the young M.D.'s learn how to convert an old sugar barrel into an effective incinerator by plastering it with clay and placing it over a slow fire which burns out the barrel and leaves a handsome, solid incinerator that can dispose of the rubbish and garbage of the company's 200 men. This same old sugar barrel can become a Serbian Barrel (the derivation is from Serbia's famous typhus epidemic) simply by knocking out the bottom, covering the top with a hook-studded lid and cooking steam in a little pan of water underneath. The uniforms are hung on the hooks and steamed for 45 minutes in this Serbian Barrel, at the end of which time the louse is dispossessed.

NATIVES in the quaint town of Carlisle which is just a few miles from the school, no longer turn their heads at the sight of the Army convoys rolling through the night out into the surrounding countryside. But huddled inside those dark trucks, stabbing at aerial maps with flashlights, are men 30 to 40 years old who have spent as much as \$10,000 and at least six years in study, who have given up practices worth as much as \$25,000 a year. These men are on their way to aid station spotting assignments that will send them stumbling over ditches and fields for hours—vital work that in a few months will have to be done on some bombarded battlefield thousands of miles from Carlisle.

Early the next morning those doctors will be trotting up and down the steps of Hoff Hall, constantly passing a cornerstone inscription by Jeremy Taylor, 17th century English chaplain: "To preserve a man alive in the midst of chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him." The Army Medical Corps will perform a great many miracles in this way.

The astonishing promise and prophecy of modern military medicine have been fulfilled. The miracles have happened. Reports straight from the battlefields of New Guinea and the Solomons tell a thrilling, inspiring story of American medicine on these malignant fronts.

In the festering heat of New Guinea, where the slightest cut has to be guarded against the vicious germs that thrive in the humid, tropical air, where water from streams must be purged of its poisonous bacteria before it can slake a soldier's gnawing thirst, the American Medical Corps has given "the best service in the history of the U.S. Army".

MEDICAL operations proceeded according to plan, even in the jungles of New Guinea where soldiers waded through slimy water up to their chests, tortured by mosquitoes, constantly threatened by malaria, dengue and dysentery. Here, under conditions as far removed from an aseptic American hospital as Japanese civilization is from ours, miracles were worked not once but a thousand times.

Medical aid men, "medics" the soldiers call them, crawled through the thick jungle to reach their casualties. Bending over, ducking snipers' bullets, they gave the wounded men half a grain of morphine to ease their pain. Then they would cut the tattered clothing away from the wound, dust it with sulfanilamide powder, dress it with a sterile bandage. If the wounded American soldier had forgotten or been unable to take his sulfanilamide pills from his own first aid box, the "medic" administered them with instructions to take two every five minutes until twelve were swallowed. Picture this scene: A primitive country, so wild it has never been traversed by man from its head to its tail; savage beauty, the contrast of flaring scarlet hibiscus trees against the deep, luxuriant green of the dense jungle; the menace of crocodiles and tiger snakes. Here, thousands of miles from home, an American aid man kneels beside a wounded compatriot and as calmly as if the casualty were an automobile accident victim in the emergency ward of a city hospital, says, "Take two of these every five minutes until twelve are swallowed."

The American Medical Corps has done the impossible—carried modern military medicine right into front lines teeming with disease, all this despite the pompous prophecies of certain Col. Blimps who scoffed at the idea of carrying sulfa drugs and blood plasma to the battlefield, and talked blithely about iodine and smelling salts. Because of the determination and energy of progressive medical men, our American wounded are getting sulfanilamide, minutes, and perhaps seconds after

they have been hit, sulfanilamide that will go to work instantly, destroying organisms that in the last war would have begun a deadly advance.

Five to ten minutes after the soldier was wounded, litter bearers gently lifted him and carried him back to the battalion aid station anywhere from fifty to three hundred yards from the front. Here the casualty got blood plasma if he needed it, if, for instance, he was a bad shock case. His wound was dressed again before his next trip on the "chain of evacuation" which took him to a portable hospital, a cluster of tents in a protected spot about eight hundred yards to the rear of the battalion aid station. Here were skilled surgeons with essential equipment—nothing elaborate but instruments that would save lives. Here, only about half a mile from that strip of jungle where Americans were avenging Pearl Harbor, skilled surgeons operated, using a new anesthetic called sodium pentothal. Sodium pentothal was thoroughly tested and highly praised by English army doctors. A small package of this barbiturate, injected intravenously, provides a smooth, effective anesthetic for thirty minutes of surgery.

HERE in this portable hospital, surgeons débrided the wounds—cut away dead tissue—possibly gave more blood plasma and if necessary applied the modern closed plaster treatment for compound fractures.

After an overnight, post-operative rest in the portable hospital the

wounded soldier was again lifted on a litter and carried back through the jungle as brilliantly colored parakeets chattered overhead, back to the clearing station for another examination, perhaps more blood plasma and then came the longest journey of all on foot, to the field hospital about ten miles farther to the rear. Here more extensive surgery was performed if needed followed by an overnight's rest. Next morning came the last dramatic leg on the chain of evacuation, a trip in an ambulance plane over the towering Owen Stanley mountains to the general hospital. This, the most incredible chain of evacuation ever organized in the history of military medicine—and one of the most successful—was organized by Major Simon Warmenhoven of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and his staff. This feat demands a little sober reflection: American soldiers, some of them perhaps friends or relatives of yours, were carried from a jungle hell to the clean, white sheets of a modern hospital in a comparatively short space of time and along the way, practically from the moment they were hit to the time a nurse tucked them in a neat cot, they were being given the most up-to-date treatment in the modern medical book of wonders.

One of the many miracles reported from this front was the case of the soldier with a gaping hole in the left side of his chest, an apparently mortal wound that had pushed his heart and esophagus over to the right side of his body. It looked hopeless but the doctors calmly and quickly went to work. First they

pumped 600 cubic centimeters of blood out of the chest cavity; then they removed the bullet and sewed up the wound. Next, with daring improvisation they took those 600 c.c.'s of blood, strained them through sterile gauze and poured them back through a rubber tube into that same soldier's veins—a life-saving transfusion with the patient's own blood! The next morning, according to the medical report, that wounded American soldier was sitting up in bed smoking a cigarette!

THIS was intended to be an article entirely devoted to Army medicine but the Navy's medical record in the Solomons compels its inclusion here. Here again, a great deal of the credit went to blood plasma and sulfa drugs, prompt evacuation, quick, skilful surgery. Regularly, air ambulances carrying eleven stretcher cases and five sitting patients, shuttled between Guadalcanal and the completely equipped mobile hospitals the Navy had set up only a few hours away by air. On a tour of inspection, Rear Admiral William Chambers of the Navy Medical Corps found only one case of gas gangrene, the horrible menace of World War I. And among the first 1,000 wounded men evacuated from the Solomons *only one percent died!*

These Army and Navy medical reports are a perfect epilogue to the main body of this article. It would be difficult to conceive of a more soul-stirring, reassuring epilogue for the friends and relations of the men at the front than these medical reports from the Southwest Pacific.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 8)

portant—oversights, as follows:

A 33rd degree duck hunter invited three of his pals up to Connecticut last Fall for a Long Island Sound duck hunt, and all accepted the bid. Now, it just happens that coastal duck hunters require a Coast Guard identification permit in addition to the regular hunting license and duck stamp. Unfortunately, our three chums got to celebrating before their departure and arrived at their host's Connecticut home in a state of high alcoholic hilarity. And, of course, minus identification cards, hunting licenses and duck stamps.

Next morning found the four hopefuls hidden along a rocky offshore breakwater in Long Island Sound, with a large rig of bluebill decoys riding at anchor within convenient shotgun range. Ten minutes later the sound of powerful motors intruded on this peaceful scene and a Coast Guard boat edged around the breakwater and headed directly toward the hunters.

"You birds had better break up your Coast Guard permits," spoke up the host. "I think that boat is going to check us."

"Coast Guard permit!" exclaimed one hunter. "Gosh, I forgot to get one!"

"I haven't got one either," remarked another. "Matter of fact, I even forgot to buy a non-resident hunting license."

"Come to think of it," chimed in the third doughty wildfowler, "not one of us has a Coast Guard permit, a license or a duck stamp. You see, Phil, we got to celebrating the hunting trip yesterday afternoon and plumb forgot."

"Oh, lord!" exclaimed the host, horrified. "You guys probably will be breaking rocks in some Federal pen until you've got gray beards down to your knees. Of all the dopes!"

The Coast Guard boat's motors purred to a stop as it neared the breakwater and a smart young officer stepped briskly from the cabin, pistol in hand.

"That guy ain't kiddin'," murmured the host. "Get a load of that .45 Colt. We're in a jam!"

With a quick motion the officer raised his handgun, took aim at the decoys and fired. The heavy bullet

smacked viciously into the water beside a decoy and ricocheted against a rock on the breakwater, narrowly missing one of the hunters.

"Hey!" yelled the host. "Lay off the shooting—we'll surrender!"

The brisk young officer looked up in surprise, an expression of complete bewilderment on his face. Then he grinned sheepishly.

"Sorry," he remarked. "I thought those wooden ducks were the real thing. And I didn't see you fellows hidden on the breakwater."

"That's what I figured," replied the host. "However, there's no harm done except you're likely to spoil our shooting if you hang around with that boat."

"I'll get right out of here," replied the officer, motioning to a sailor at the helm. "I'll move right out." And he did.

There was a silence as the four hunters watched the gray-painted boat churn around the breakwater and out of sight. Then the host spoke up.

"He ain't the only one who's going to get out of here. Soon's he's out

(Continued on page 32)



Part of the large crowd attending the celebration of the opening of the Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Elks Fraternal Center.



The stately home of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878, one of the finest and most complete in the Order, now open to all men in the service of our country.



Columbus, Georgia, Lodge, No. 1639, utilizes its beautiful lodge room for the informal entertainment of men in uniform.



Another room in the Columbus Lodge home is set up as a recreation room for games, refreshments, reading and writing.

A STUDY in CONTRAST

THE photographs on this page tell a story of far greater significance than meets the eye . . . the story of how the very large and the very small lodges are meeting the problem of offering hospitality, entertainment and recreation to Elks and their buddies stationed at nearby camps and bases.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, the largest Lodge in the Order in point of membership, opened its Elks Fraternal Center on January 9th, entertaining 300 soldiers, sailors, Coast Guardsmen and marines with a dance at which hostesses were provided by the American Women's Voluntary Services. The Lodge's beautiful home is open daily from 4 p.m. to midnight offering the club's swimming pool, showers, gymnasium, special reading and writing rooms and refreshments to all men in uniform.

The Elks Fraternal Center at Columbus, Georgia, Lodge, No. 1639, was one of the first to be inaugurated under the authorization of the Elks War Commission. Adjacent to Fort Benning, one of the largest military camps in the Nation, Columbus Lodge, one of the youngest in the Order, is performing an outstanding service in helping to meet the need for entertainment of thousands of men in uniform.

Yes—there's more than meets the eye in these photos. The largest and the smallest lodges find that operation of Elks Fraternal Centers provides the opportunity to carry out the traditional spirit of Elkdom!

ELKS WAR COMMISSION

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 30)

of sight, we're pulling the pin, too." And they did.

Unless this Oracle is all wrong like a pair of loaded dice, the "laydown" type of duck gunning boat, constructed along the lines of a Long Island "scooter" or Barnegat Bay sneakbox, will become increasingly popular throughout the country as the versatility of these boats becomes better known.

Both are wide, shallow and decked over, except for the gunner's cockpit, and can be used out on open water, in a marsh or bedded down in the ice. Either boat, anchored on the open water of a bay or lake within range of, say, 65 to 100 blue-bill, canvasback or redhead decoys, will afford some of the finest sport imaginable during periods of even flat calm. No concealment is necessary—the reclining hunter needs but remain motionless until he sits up to accept incoming shots. Diving varieties, particularly bluebills, wing in to such rigs without fear. Puddle ducks, including mallards, blacks, pintails and widgeons are something else again.

However, these warier varieties can be shot with about the same ease if the laydown box is artfully camouflaged with tideland hay or marsh grass in such fashion as to simulate a small clump, or a drifting bed of grass. The important trick is to keep the concealing grass as low as possible. Enough should be distributed over the decked-over part of the craft and held down with twine or wire to break up the boat's pumpkinseed outline, and an armload of hay in the cockpit, which the gunner uses as added concealment for his legs and midsection, completes the ambush.

When painted dead white and used as an ice boat around air holes or other places where wildfowl concentrate during severe weather intervals, such a boat makes an almost perfect "hide". Ice or snow thrown over the craft affords added concealment and of course the gunner wears either a white monkey suit or one of his wife's discarded nightgowns. If the hunter prefers not to paint his boat white, a couple of old sheets, held down with snow and a few chunks of ice, will serve equally well.

Although Federal regulations permit use of such boats, there might be state or county laws in some sections that forbid them. Hence gunners should check with local wardens before trying this game, which has proved so effective in the northeast.

Interested wildfowlers, unfamiliar with laydown boats and the shooting they provide, will find complete plans and construction information in Dr. William Bruette's excellent book, "American Duck, Goose and Brant Shooting". It's available in any first-class sporting-book shop.

WHAT makes the laydown type of box so effective is the fact it can be used in places where birds are living—or flying—well away from shore blinds, and where the hunter can't get to 'em. Nothing is quite so exasperating as to sit in a blind and watch a steady flight of quackers winging around two or three hundred yards beyond effective shotgun range. With a pumpkinseed-shaped box and a little experience, the gunner soon learns how to lick that situation.

When it's necessary to shoot over

deep water, the laydown box method must, of course, be a two-man game. One partner picks up dead birds and runs down cripples, while the other shoots, turn and turn about. The reason, of course, is that the shooter must stay put until relieved.

WHERE the water around the rig doesn't average more than boot depth, the shooter can operate on his own if the bottom isn't too "sinky". In such places trout fishing waders come in handy and permit retrieves which often cannot be made with hip boots. Waders, however, should never be worn around deep water. Too dangerous if you go overboard. Then, too, they're cold and clammy in chilly weather.

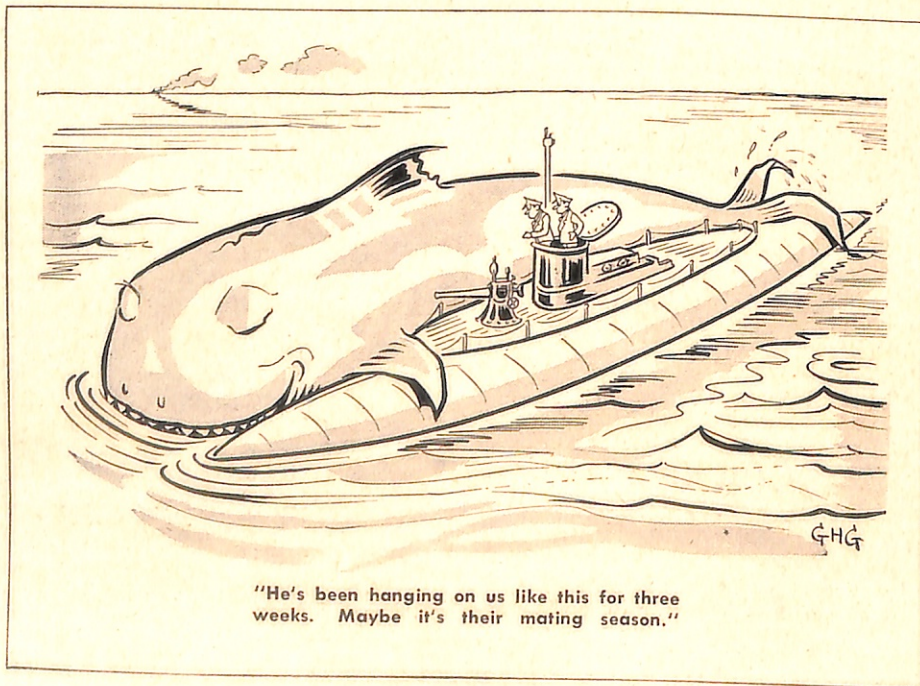
In rigging out with one of these boats decoys usually are spotted in a diamond-shaped pattern, and at least 65 blocks should be used. When gunning for diving varieties, particularly bluebills, the more decoys used, the better.

Obviously, the boat must be anchored up-wind from the rig and a bit to the left in the instance of a right-handed shooter. Southpaws should spot their box on the right hand side. In both instances the boat should be within 20 feet of the nearest decoy on the upper end of the rig. The last block on the opposite end of the rig must not be over 40 yards away.

Laydown box gunners often are stymied by ducks which wing across within range—but behind the reclining hunter, and out of his normal field of view—and fire. That handicap can be overcome with a little strategy—provided, of course, the gunner sees the bird coming in time. The trick is to have two guns in the box, one on the right side and the other at his left, with the barrel pointing toward the rear.

As the bird wings past, the gunner merely flops over on his belly, which makes him face to the rear and puts his spare gun under his right hand. From there, a quick boost puts him up on his knees, gun in hand, and in beautiful position to shoot right or left. With a little practice this maneuver can be executed in a second and a lot of chances accepted which otherwise would be lost.

About the only laydown box handicap which cannot be overcome is the wide, right-handed angle shot in the instance of the right-handed shooter and the sharp, left-angling bird for the southpaw. The shooter can only swing so far, and no farther, and frequently the gunner can't catch up with his fast-traveling target. A few old timers learned the trick of "throwing out" by heaving their legs up over the gunwales, but that's something this writer never could manage except in a battery. However, it's a handy little trick if you can master it.



"He's been hanging on us like this for three weeks. Maybe it's their mating season."

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

cused all capitalists of existing solely for pelf. In this way Mr. Angell shows the hollowness of some of the radical attacks against Britain.

Mr. Angell discusses India, Eire, Canada, Australia, South Africa—the future of colonial systems and the possibility of cooperation. He recalls that ages ago heretics were burned. “Never, men were sure, could those of the true faith live at peace with heretics. But they found that men of different faiths could live together, that they could keep their differences, yet be loyal to each other in the achievement of their common purposes. Religion is not less than nationalism. What is possible in the one field is possible in the other.”

This book is bound to be widely discussed and debated. It ought to help clarify the issues, as we continue our study of post-war organization. (Viking Press, \$2.50)

AMERICAN correspondents are watching this war from front seats and sending vivid, spirited accounts home to keep us well informed. The latest bulletins in the newspapers give the news and the latest books give the personal slant of the correspondents. Two reports on the hot fighting on Guadalcanal are now ready: “Guadalcanal Diary”, by Richard Tregaskis, which describes the landing of the United States Marines in August, 1942, and the early attacks of the Japanese, covering about seven weeks of activities. “Battle for the Solomons” by Ira Wolfert picks up the story in October and covers most of the air and naval fighting of November, when the Japanese met their first great reverses. By reading the books in this order we can get a pretty good idea of what life on that muggy, mosquito-ridden, bomb-plastered island is like for the leathernecks.

“War takes on a very personal flavor when other men are shooting at you and you feel little sympathy at seeing them killed,” writes Tregaskis in describing in detail the action on one battlefield. Soldiers learn to put pity aside after they have seen Japanese wounded try to knife or shoot men who approach to rescue them. They take no chances now. Even the spectator gets injured to the sight of dead, distorted bodies. “There is no horror to these things,” says the author; “the first one you see is the only shock”.

And the lads who are fighting against these highly trained Japanese—they were civilians, in all sorts of jobs, not so long ago. They have ingenuity, resourcefulness, daring—day after day they do the job on Guadalcanal. One of the typical passages in Tregaskis’ diary has to do with a raiding party sent against a Japanese position at Taivu Point. Tregaskis goes with the men, tells

how they sneaked up on the Japanese, describes the different kinds of rifle fire, the wham of the mortars, the noise of the Japanese 75s. Machine gunners, snipers and airplane bombers join in the fighting. There are many such passages. And although the author describes the action briefly, with all the halts and talk passed back and forth, the book gains in suspense and keeps the reader eager to the end. (Random House, \$2.50)

IRA WOLFERT, a New York newspaperman who reached Guadalcanal in October of last year, had a front seat at a magnificent “show”—the great sea action of November 13 and 14, which could be witnessed by a man standing on the shore. This was the result of the Japanese attempts to reinforce their troops and led to tremendous destruction of Japanese shipping. As Wolfert describes it, “The result of this desperate, completely reckless fight for life by the Americans was twenty-eight Jap ships sunk, including two battleships, plus ten damaged. This reporter personally scores more than half of the ten damaged as sunk. Our cost was seven destroyers and two light cruisers.”

The men in the foxholes, aware of the growing power of the Japanese attacks, asked bitterly, “Where is our Navy?” But the Navy came. “like a Tom Mix of old”, and when it attacked it caught the Japs “with

their kimonos down around their ankles”. At night the searchlights, the flash of explosions, the blinding light as ships blew up, made a terrible spectacle; “it resembled a door to hell opening and closing,” says the reporter. The Japanese kept coming on, but finally the warships had enough. To save themselves from the superior forces of the Americans they turned and ran, leaving their transports unprotected. After that the American pilots ran a “shuttle service” from the air field to the ships, calling themselves the “buzzard brigade”. They sank eight transports loaded with troops that day.

And if you want to know what the American soldier is like, Wolfert will tell you in expressive language. He is “rarin’ to go”. With the air force it’s a matter of “git or git got”. The men who do the hard drudgery of the camp—drive trucks, run transport planes—wish they could get into action. But they have plenty of stamina. They are holding on and going forward. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2)

Some good sea stories have come our way, too. These deal chiefly with British ships. A few months ago I mentioned Howard Hunt’s “East of Farewell”, a fine account of Americans on convoy duty on the Atlantic. Now comes “Destroyer from America”, by Lieut. John Fernald, R. N. V. R., another fine account of convoy duty, which has special meaning for



us because it deals with the behavior of an old, over-age destroyer, a four-stacker turned over by the United States to Britain in the early days of the war. He calls it the *Porchester*. To ride it was an ordeal for all on board; when the sea was high the ship rolled 45 degrees and sometimes, 'twas said, she had rolled 62. The merchantmen on this run were slow, developed trouble, were fair game for submarines. But after the 5000-ton *Saratoga* had been hit, the *Porchester* went after the sub, and got it. And the *Saratoga* was able to proceed to port. (Macmillan, \$1.75)

ANOTHER destroyer with a checkered career was the ship that gives its name to the book, "Firedrake". A. D. Divine has told its story from the inside, because he was on board. He writes with a tenseness that whets our expectations. The tenseness comes because there were few idle moments for the *Firedrake*. She hunted submarines in the Atlantic, the North Sea, the Mediterranean. She protected ships, helped raid Genoa and the Italian seas. The *Firedrake* was at hand when the hostile planes sank the *Ark Royal*. The *Firedrake* was so badly crippled finally that it had to sneak through the Mediterranean, and for fifteen daylight hours it was in tow. After making Gibraltar safely, the ship was sent to the Boston Navy yard to be repaired. That job ends the story, and later reports say that the Nazi bombers got her at last. But the story of her career makes everybody proud. Those who enjoyed—

and honored—Noel Coward's motion picture, "In Which We Serve", will find "Firedrake" of special interest. (Dutton, \$2.75)

ACORVETTE is not a destroyer and Lieut Nicholas Monsarrat, who writes "H. M. Corvette", knows it. Maybe that makes him a bit cocky, eager to tell what a corvette can do. For a corvette is to the sea what a jeep is to the land. It simply bounces over the waves. This corvette did convoy duty on the North Atlantic supply line and saw plenty of action. But Lieut. Monsarrat has an eye for more than fighting—for the faces of the men and the goings-on when the ship is laid up and being overhauled, for the weather and an ear for the talk that goes 'round. The ship reaches a port in Northern Ireland and this dialogue follows: "Go ashore and get me a paper." "Any special one, sir?" "Yes, get me the Independent." "The Independent, sir?" "Yes, there's sure to be an Independent." And there was.

Picking up survivors is part of the corvette's work. The great sea war goes on, at terrible cost. The men who fight the sea and the enemy both take it on the chin, stand up to it. A brave lot, as these books show. (Lippincott, \$1.75)

BUT there must be good stories that do not deal with the war. You will find them, of course. One of them is Barry Benefield's novel, "Eddie and the Archangel Mike", which reads like a revival of O. Henry's quaint tales about the lit-

tle people and their troubles.

Eddie was a copy desk man on a Texas newspaper when he climbed into a second-hand car and headed east, and at Crebillion, Louisiana, he picked up Perry Dunklin, a girl who had been named Peruna by her father, who liked patent medicines. She was running away from the house of her brother because she didn't like his wife. When Perry saw that Eddie had money, a pair of revolvers and seemed to know a lot about bank robberies, she decided that he was fleeing from justice. But being slightly original herself she decided to help him mend his ways. They went all the way to Brooklyn, picked up no end of curious acquaintances, and found life just as fantastic there as in Texas and Louisiana. If you ever read "The Chicken-Wagon Family" or "Valiant is the Word for Carrie", you will know what Barry Benefield's whimsey is like. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50)

MAYBE the news from Australia will stir up interest in that locale. If so, then Arthur W. Upfield is right on the job with his Australian mystery thriller, "Murder Down Under". There is a detective-inspector and the flavor of the tale is English, with touches of Australian talk. (Crime Club, \$2) . . . Erle Stanley Gardner has a new one, "The Case of the Smoking Chimney", in which Gramps Wiggins, grandfather of the wife of the district attorney, does the crucial work of unraveling a Los Angeles murder mystery. No Perry Mason this time. (Morrow, \$2)

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 28)

The first section alone broke the lodge record for size. The Class is believed to be the largest ever initiated in a lodge of the Order in the State of Texas.

Fresno, Calif., Lodge Gives a Dinner for Secretary Kallenbach

Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439, gave a testimonial dinner recently for A. C. Kallenbach, secretary and club manager of the lodge for the past nine years. The dinner was followed by entertainment, after which Exalted Ruler Harry R. Cayford presented the guest of honor with a War Bond, acting on behalf of those present.

Mr. Kallenbach had resigned as club manager in order to accept a position with a local firm which has a large airplane parts contract. He will complete his present term as secretary and relinquish his post on April 1, bringing to an end nine and a half years of efficient service.

Warren, Pa., Lodge, Fifty Years Old, Is Active and Prosperous

Warren, Pa., Lodge, No. 223, gave a banquet recently in celebration of its Golden Anniversary. Three members were presented with life memberships in appreciation of their forty or more years of faithful service. The lodge has pro-

gressed steadily since it was instituted a half century ago. The lodge home, valued at \$98,000, has been free of debt for many years. A wading pool for children in one of the local playgrounds was built by No. 223, and the lodge maintains a room in the Warren General Hospital.

The Past Exalted Rulers Association is exceedingly active. At a recent meeting it was voted to eliminate the customary entertainment on Past Exalted Rulers Night and it was recommended that, instead, each member in the Service be given a \$25 War Bond. Proper action was taken and the Bonds were bought.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Elks Give a Party for 200 Needy Children

Two hundred needy children were treated to a turkey dinner and entertainment some weeks ago by Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge, No. 57. The names of those attending were selected from the school registers by the various principals and teachers. The children were escorted to and from the lodge home, where the party was given, by members of the lodge.

In 1935, Past Exalted Ruler William L. Ainsworth invited 25 inmates of the Children's Home to dinner. The lodge adopted the idea and the guest list grows

from year to year. Nearly a dozen young girls from the senior class of the high school wait on the tables, and the Elks furnish the music. Professional vaudeville acts are presented in the lodge room by clowns, jugglers, magicians, roller skaters, comedians, musicians and tumblers.

Prominent Ohio Elk, P.E.R. Dr. John Tritch, Dies at Findlay

Dr. John Charles Tritch, P.E.R. of Findlay, O., Lodge, No. 75, passed away on January 24 at the Findlay Hospital after an illness of five and a half weeks. He was 85 years of age and the oldest physician still practicing his profession in the community. He was a lifelong resident of Findlay, his birthplace, and a member of one of the pioneer families of the section.

Dr. Tritch was a charter member of No. 75 and its first Exalted Ruler. He was one of only a few surviving members of the group which organized the lodge so many years ago and some time before his death was one of those honored in this connection. As an Elk, he was well known and popular throughout northwestern Ohio, and as a member of the local lodge he was highly regarded. The services he performed during his membership were important to the lodge's growth and welfare. His

kindliness and pleasant personality endeared him to all.

For many years, Dr. Tritch was Findlay's leading surgeon. Instrumental in the establishment of the local hospital, of which he was the first Chief of Staff, he gave a great deal of his attention and time to its development. He served as President of the Hancock Medical Association, was coroner of the county for four years, and for six years was a member of the Findlay Board of Education.

Death Takes Two Past Exalted Rulers of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge

Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, reports the sad loss of two of its Past Exalted Rulers. P.E.R. Charles Woodmansee passed away in Tampa, Fla., P.E.R. Robert L. McLaren in Washington, D. C.

Mr. McLaren died on January 24. He was in active service in the Aviation Corps just outside of Baltimore when he suffered several heart attacks. He was removed from the base hospital to Walter Reed Hospital at Washington. Mrs. McLaren, who was at the bedside when the end came, brought the body of her husband to Des Moines, his home town, for burial. In his prime, Mr. McLaren, known as "Red", was a well known athlete. His records at East Des Moines High School and Grinnell College were outstanding.

The Dalles, Ore., Elks Sponsor Successful War Bond Program

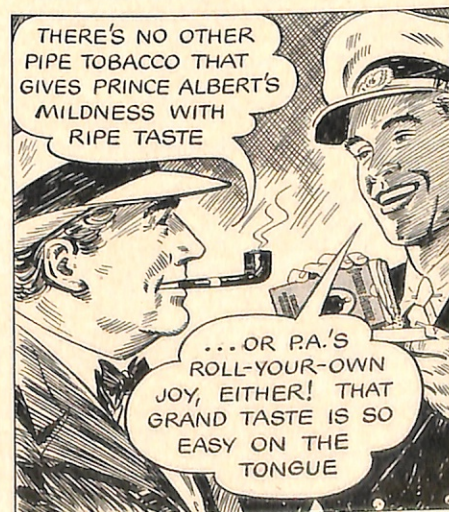
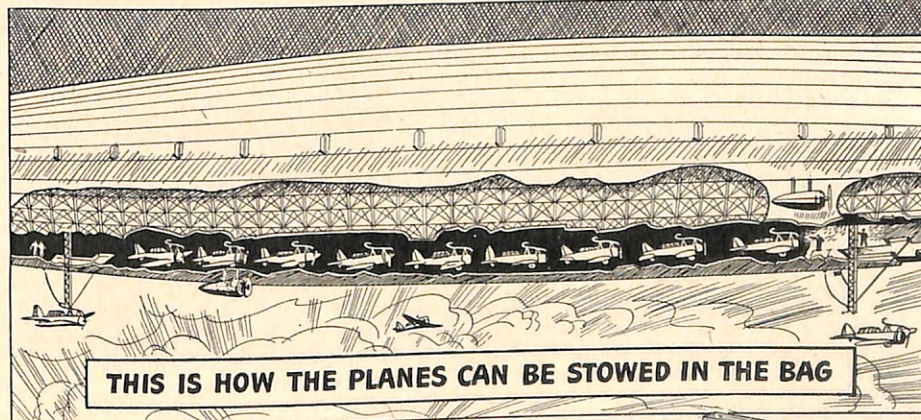
The Dalles, Ore., Lodge, No. 303, in a War Bond Campaign sponsored for Wasco County, sold in one day, January 12, more than the entire county quota for the whole month. Captain Marion Carl appeared as guest speaker under the auspices of the Elks and the County War Bond Committee headed by Chairman Carl Stiefel. Jackson L. Gitchell was Chairman of the Elks Committee. Captain Carl, formerly of Hubbard, Ore., enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps and became a pilot. He was decorated for valor in shooting down 16 Japanese planes at Midway and Guadalcanal.

The county quota for January was \$112,000. Of the grand total of \$123,000 worth of Bonds sold in The Dalles alone, \$67,000 was subscribed by The Dalles Elks in booths installed in the lodge home and at a banquet given that evening in the Elks' dining room in honor of Captain Carl and his wife. A feature of the banquet was an auction of War Bonds. One member of the lodge, E. C. Woodcock, who had previously purchased \$18,000 worth in the lobby booths, bought another \$1,000 Bond at the auction. With the last three \$1,000 Bonds sold went Japanese yen notes autographed by Captain Carl. The Captain and his wife were guests of E. R. W. R. Taylor during that part of the day's program devoted exclusively to Elks and their ladies. As a result of the success of its sponsorship of War Bond Day, the local lodge was presented with a parchment certificate of merit from the U.S. Treasury Department.

The Dalles Lodge has played an important part, along with other civic and fraternal organizations, in the establishment of a local Victory Center. The Center, white with a spread eagle and the national colors in the background, was erected on the lawn adjacent to the lodge home. Several successful bond programs have been staged there and more will be held in the late Spring and during the Summer. The lodge itself has purchased \$50,000 worth of War Bonds.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



Port Jervis Lodge Celebrates the Homecoming of D.D. Knight

The mortgage on the home of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, was burned on January 15 during a homecoming celebration held on the occasion of D.D. David E. Knight's official visitation. The simple but impressive ceremony was witnessed by more than 200 members and visiting Elks from Newburgh, Middletown and Kingston. Standing in the center of the group of officers of the lodge, P.E.R. Alvin E. Chase, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, touched the match to the document.

A class of 13 candidates was initiated by E.R. Philip Parker and his staff of officers. An honorary life membership and a silver case in which to keep the certificate were presented to Mr. Knight by Mr. Chase and Willis R. Quackenbush. Earlier in the evening the District Deputy was a guest of the lodge at a dinner at the Hotel Minisink.

Peter L. May, former Secretary of Port Jervis Lodge and now a Third Class Petty Officer in the Navy, stationed at Washington, attended the celebration and was given an ovation. Also present were Sydney Flisser, of Kingston Lodge, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and former Vice-Pres. Franz J. Dienst, Middletown. The large delegation from Middletown Lodge No. 1097 was headed by E.R. William J. Mulloy. Mr. Knight delivered an inspiring address, emphasizing Elk participation in the war effort.

Bozeman, Mont., Lodge Initiates Class; Burns \$10,000 Mortgage

Members of Bozeman, Mont., Lodge, No. 463, enjoyed one of the most colorful events in the lodge's history when 175 members, including the 29 candidates initiated that night in the "Fight for Freedom" Class, along with Elk dignitaries of Montana and visitors from other cities, attended a mortgage-burning ceremony held by the lodge. The occasion marked completion of payment of \$10,000 in lodge obligations.

Following an open house for members and candidates, a banquet was held at 6:30 p.m. After a lodge session and the initiation, the mortgage was burned. E.R. H. A. Bolinger, Jr., and P.E.R. George Y. Patten were in charge of the ceremony. The principal speeches were made by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Frank R. Venable, of Butte Lodge, J. F. Higgins, of Helena, Pres. of the Montana State Elks Assn., and District Deputy Leo C. Musburger, Virginia City. The festivities closed with a social session.

District Deputy Gayle J. Cox Visits Raleigh, N. C., Lodge

More than 85 members of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge, No. 735, turned out on December 1 for the visit of D.D. Gayle J. Cox to his home lodge. Several candidates were initiated at the meeting.

Mr. Cox addressed the lodge and was thanked for his constructive talk by the Exalted Ruler, Graham H. Andrews, who is also Mayor of the city of Raleigh. Esteemed Loyal Knight Thad Eure, Secretary of State of North Carolina, spoke on the Order. A visiting member of the lodge, J. Edward Allen, who resides in Warrenton, N. C., was given a warm welcome. The meeting was followed by a reception for the District Deputy, and a barbecued chicken supper was served.

NOTICE TO LODGE BULLETIN EDITORS

The request has been made to *The Elks Magazine* by the Office of Censorship that Elks Lodge Bulletins, in publishing addresses of men in the Armed Forces, omit the military units of soldiers overseas and omit the names of ships to which sailors are attached.

On battle fronts every day men risk their lives to discover the location and strength of the military units of the enemy. Yet at home, too many of us are presenting the enemy with information of the same military value, the Office of Censorship says in a statement.

This is the information which newspapers and individuals are asked not to tell the enemy:

Do not tell the names of ships upon which sailors serve.

Do not tell the troop units in which soldiers serve overseas.

There is no objection to revealing that Pvt. John Jones is in Australia or that Seaman Tom Brown saw action in the Atlantic, but there is military information which endangers the lives of American fighting men in stating that Pvt. John Jones, "Company C, 600th Infantry", is in Australia, or Seaman Tom Brown, "Aboard the U.S.S. Wisconsin", is in the Atlantic.

The Office of Censorship says, "We ask editors not to publish these troop identifications, and we ask parents and relatives not to reveal them. Don't give the enemy anything that may lengthen the war!"

The Elks' Bowling Association Cancels National Tournaments

A mail vote conducted among the members of the Executive Committee of the Elks' Bowling Association of America officially authorized the cancellation of the twenty-sixth annual Elks National Bowling Tournament scheduled to be held under the auspices of Detroit Lodge No. 34 at Detroit, Mich., during March and April. The vote was unanimous.

The war has made it impossible for hundreds of Elk bowlers from practically all the lodges of the Order to participate in the tournament. Many are in the U. S. Armed Forces and many others are engaged in the various essential branches of the war industry. Furthermore, the curtailment of railroad facilities for non-essential civilian travel, as announced by an order from the Office of Defense Transportation, would make it difficult to carry out a successful program. When hostilities cease and a complete Allied victory is won, the "Go" signal will be flashed and the Elks National Bowling Tournaments will be resumed, with the twenty-sixth event scheduled to take place at Detroit.

The officers elected at the annual meeting held in the home of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, are as follows: Pres., J. William Kaster, Louisville; 1st Vice-Pres., Fred De Cair, Kalamazoo, Mich.; 2nd Vice-Pres., William C. Conway, Chicago, Ill.; 3rd Vice-Pres., Urban Fremgen, Hamilton, Ohio; 4th Vice-Pres., Rodger Kenney, Oak Park, Ill.; 5th Vice-Pres., R. J. Stetter, Fort Wayne, Ind.; 6th Vice-Pres., William C. Zimmermann, Milwaukee, Wis.; 7th Vice-Pres., B. H. Montgomery, Terre Haute, Ind.; 8th Vice-Pres., Fred Sunkel, St.

Louis, Mo.; Secy.-Treas., John J. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis.

In the twenty-fifth annual Elks National Tournament, held at Louisville under the auspices of Louisville Lodge, the winners in the various events were as follows: Five-man event, Elk Lodge No. 544, Benton Harbor, Mich., score, 2924 pins; Two-man event, A. Segin-W. Alford, Springfield, Ill., score, 1338; Individual event, T. Gibson, Grand Rapids, Mich., score, 685; All-events, T. Gibson, Grand Rapids, Mich., score, 2000. These winners will retain the Championship Crowns until their successors shall have been determined at the next Tournament.

Death of P.E.R. P. J. McCarthy Saddens Ellwood City, Pa., Elks

Past Exalted Ruler Patrick J. McCarthy, of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, passed away at Veterans Hospital, Bronx, N. Y., on December 1, 1942, at the age of 46. A Lodge of Sorrow was conducted at his mother's home in Ellwood City, with E.R. Philip J. Blandine in charge, Requiem High Mass was celebrated at St. Agatha's R. C. Church on the following Saturday. Interment took place in the St. Agatha parish cemetery.

In 1922 Mr. McCarthy was elected Exalted Ruler of Ellwood City Lodge, being the youngest man to occupy the Chair in the history of the lodge. During his term of office, the fine home, occupied since that time, was acquired. The efficient manner in which Mr. McCarthy handled the many responsibilities and details incident to the move and his untiring devotion to lodge affairs as a whole contributed greatly to the rapid progress which the organization made in its early years. Worthy of mention is the fact that Mr. McCarthy's four younger brothers subsequently became members of No. 1356. One brother, William P. McCarthy, served as Exalted Ruler in 1932.

Mr. McCarthy became a member of the Order when he was 21 years old, being initiated into New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69. After his return from France, where he served in the first World War with the 20th Engineers, he became a resident of Ellwood City and shortly thereafter obtained a transfer dimit for membership in No. 1356.

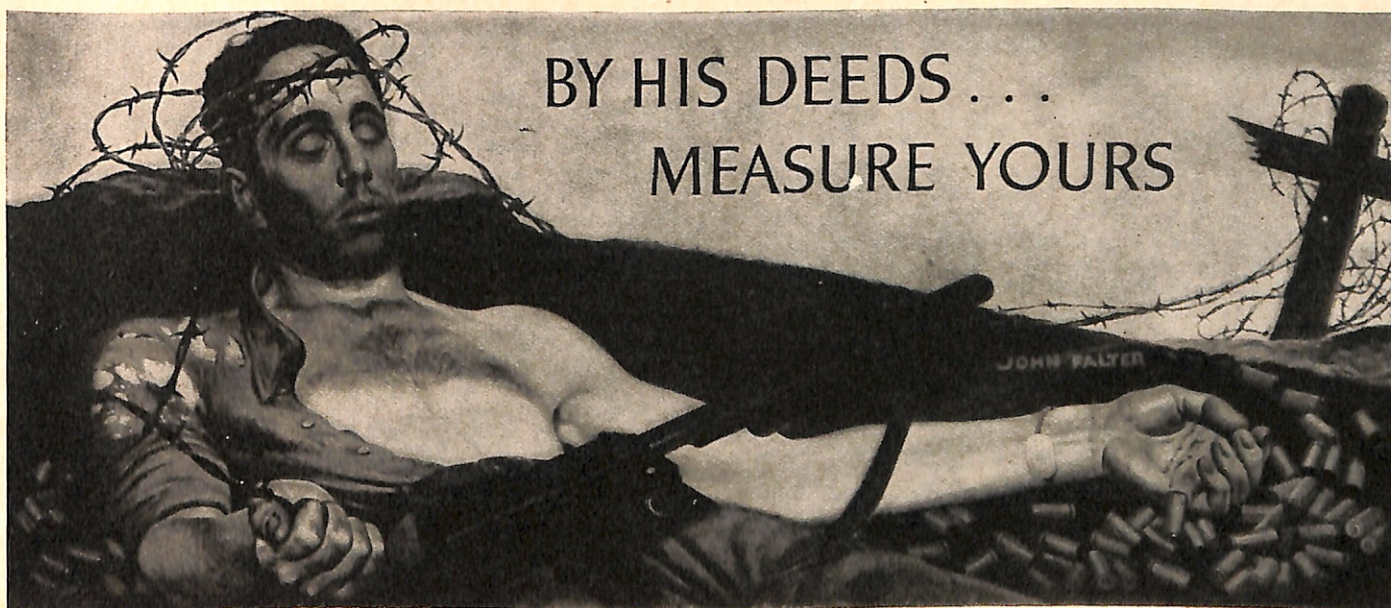
Several years after his tenure as Exalted Ruler, Mr. McCarthy left Ellwood City to assume a position as cost accountant with the United States Steel Corporation in Gary, Ind. He continued, however, to maintain a keen interest in the affairs of his home lodge, and was a frequent visitor.

Service Men at Hospital Enjoy Gifts from Salt Lake City Elks

Members of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, are happy in the knowledge that their Christmas gift to Bushnell General Hospital is contributing a maximum of enjoyment to the convalescent service men there and the military men who are working to speed their recovery. Three gifts in one were presented to the Hospital by the Elks. The pool table is available for recreation eight and a half hours daily. The radio-phonograph combination is in constant use. In addition, this equipment is used for the weekly hour of recorded symphony music. The public address system is especially useful for the regular assembly programs and dances in the recreation hall.

(Continued on page 45)

IT is not pleasant to have your peaceful life upset by wartime needs and restrictions and activities. . . . It is not pleasant to die, either. . . . Between you who live at home and the men who die at the front there is a direct connection. . . . By your actions, definitely, a certain number of these men will die or they will come through alive. If you do everything you can to hasten victory and do every bit of it as fast as you can . . . then, sure as fate you will save the lives of some men who will otherwise die because you let the war last too long. . . . Think it over. Till the war is won you cannot, in fairness to them, complain or waste or shirk. Instead, you will apply every last ounce of your effort to getting this thing done. . . . In the name of God and your fellow man, that is your job.



The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do — now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA

Something He Et, No Doubt

(Continued from page 13)

hand, but gun, of course, and maybe arsenal, in coat.

"I'm impressed," Joe said. "In fact, it's possible that I may faint. If I dry my hands, it's just because I want to dry my hands."

"Then dry your hands."

Joe's hands shook as he pulled the roller-towel. You pressed a button, then you pulled the roller-towel. He did this once. "My face, too," he said. "The sweat of fear is terrible. It has a stench. That's in a book by Hemingway."

"Who's Hemin'way?"

"A man who fights bulls."

"You mean cops?" asked the man with the pasty face. There was something familiar about the man with the pasty face. There was something Joe most likely should recall.

"Wipe your face," said the man with the gun.

Joe pushed the button on the roller-towel. He held his trembling hands against the box. It was easy for his hands to tremble. It was hard to make them stop. He yanked the box clean from the wall and swung about and hit the man with the gun on the head with it and strangely enough the gun did not go off, because, perhaps, the man who held the gun did not have nerve enough to press the trigger of the gun. Joe kicked him in the stomach and the pasty-faced man hit Joe with a sap of sorts and Joe reeled dizzily but still was staunch enough to hit the pasty-faced man with the box and hit him well and knock him

to the floor and kick him in his stomach, too. It was a weirdly silent test of might that seemed to Joe an interlude from other life—familiar, yes, but not connected with realities at all. The plumbing at all times was louder than the fracas they had made.

Joe looked at himself in the mirror and his clothes were not in disarray. He bled from his forehead where he had been hit. He put a handkerchief to the wound and was not noticed when he went outside. There were the waiter and one customer, that's all. But Dorothy gasped when she saw he was hurt and he said, "I slipped on some soap and fell against the sink. It was undoubtedly a swoon of delight that sprung from our present happiness. Let's get out of here. We can go to that drugstore on 36th Street."

"Too far, darling. You need attention now."

"It's a very good drug store, worth the trouble." They got into a cab. He told the cabbie where he wished to go. He did not say he wished to get as far away as possible from all events that had to do with a ring from a fat man's duodenum.

"You have it in a safe place?" she asked.

"Have what?"

"The ring, silly."

He showed her the ring. She took it from him. "I'll have it made smaller myself," she said. "Then you can't possibly lose it. It's such a wonderful ring." The cab drove

on. He heard no trailing sirens that would indicate the cops.

Packy Peach sat up in bed and was making noises with his hands. "Hello, pal," he said. "Siddown. Have some walnuts. Here."

"Looks like a zoo," Joe said.

"Oh, you mean the shells."

"The shells an' you both, you big seal. I suppose you don't know anything about those gorillas who tried to kill me last night."

"Stop kiddin', pal. Don't talk like that. How'd the little lady like the rock?"

"She likes it fine. She doesn't know two guys came in the washroom of the place where we ate and stuck me up for it."

"You don't say," Packy Peach remarked. "That's where you got the lump on the head, eh? I can't understand it, Doc. I never told a soul you had that rock. They get it? No? You hit 'em with what? The towel box? Say, Doc, that's won'erful. I mean, you're a man; you ain't a boy."

"That's confidential," Joe said. "If my fiancée knew where I got that diamond she'd leave me. She thinks that's where my money went. She doesn't believe I've bet on a horse in six months now."

"Trust me, friend," said Packy Peach. "I told nobody. It's just— He laughed and spilled the walnut shells, "—it's just those guys'll chase you an' the missus now instead of chasin' me."

"That's funny, isn't it?"

"That's life," said Packy Peach. "I don't know how they knew you got the rock. They prob'ly think you got 'em both."

"Well, then, in heaven's name, why don't you have those men locked up? They're a menace to society. They're a menace to me and my fiancée!"

"Don't think I wouldn't like to see them stiff's cooled off, Doc. Don't get me wrong. It's just that I don't do no rough stuff any more. I'm law-abidin' all the time. It's just the ethics of the thing. Once I was one of the boys, so I can't talk. It's like you seen in the movies, like you said—"

"With Edward Arnold," Joe said sourly.

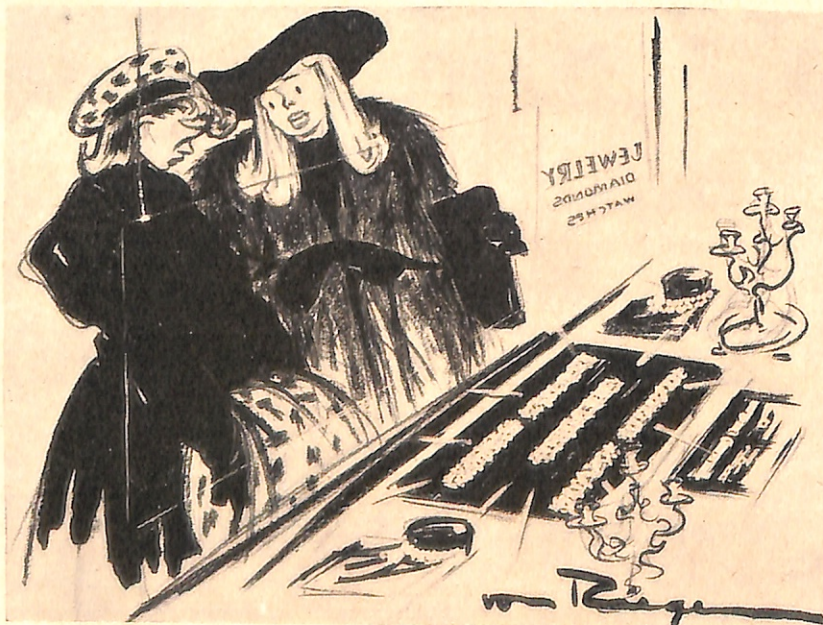
"That's right—with him. You think he looks like me?"

"No, he *doesn't* look like you!"

"That's disappernting as can be. I thought he did. But anyway, Doc—like I say, if you, a private citizen, could catch them guys, then that is different, unnerstand? They're outta your hair an' they're outta mine. But there you're on your own. You can't expect no help from me."

"I got enough help from you. I got a lump on my skull."

"I'm sorry, pal. Sorry it had to turn out like that. But about you



"Now, there's something I'd like to get my hands into!"

an' the missus—well, I didn' say a thing, except to one doll I was talkin' to today. A picture-doll. She comes in this mornin' like the morn' sun, and fixes up the place as nice as anything and first thing we are talkin' and she's gettin' married just like you—an' so I tell 'er how it is a friend of mine is in a situation just like hers except he blows 'is dough in on the horses—an' I never think while I am talkin' that you're workin' in the same place with this doll. But she won't talk. I asked 'er not to an' she says she won't an' so I know she won't. This is a high-class doll. Well—here she is, Doc, take a look yourself. Miss—"

"I know Doctor Lanning," Dorothy said. "I remember when he was a small-pox case. As a matter of fact, he hasn't changed."

"A sense of humor," Packy said. "You see? This little girl's got everything."

"I've got much more than I want." She brandished a thermometer. "Here, Mr. Peach, open wide."

Packy opened his mouth. With much disdain she dropped a diamond ring in Packy's mouth and placed the thermometer on a tray. "You may have the patient, Doctor," she said to Joe. She removed her cap and he could see the last gold of the setting sun reflected in her hair, and he could see the tears she held back multiply to pools and he said, "Darling, if you'd only try to understand. Just try to understand."

"I understand too many things, Doctor. I have resigned from this hospital and I won't be back again—and, Mr. Peach, don't lie there like a bloodless apricot!" Then the tears came in a flood and broke her poise and undressed her pride and caused her to run from the unhappy room.

Packy was stricken. "S'help me, Doc," he said, "I never knew it was the same doll. I'm sick. I don't care what happens to me." He tried to nibble a walnut. "Can't even eat," he said. He shouted, "Orderly!"

The orderly was passing by. The orderly came in and Packy told him, "Get these shells out of here an' get 'em quick. I'm—here, take another necktie. And beat it, fast."

The anger swelled in Dr. Lanning. It lifted his scalp and spun it around. He phoned downstairs. "I quit," he said. "I know. The heck with it. I'm going in the Army, now! To New Jersey? New Jersey in your hat! China! Guadalcanal! Port Moresby! Who cares?"

"We're pals, ain't we?" Packy said. "I got this rock here, Doc; it still belongs to you."

"Eat it," Joe said, "and I'll cut it out some other time, with a can-opener."

He left. He strode the endless corridors of the Metropolitan Memorial Hospital. He gathered his possessions. He phoned the Army, said that he was ready now for duty overseas. "My leg is fine," he said. "How do I know? I've been kicking

myself! Yeah, that's right."

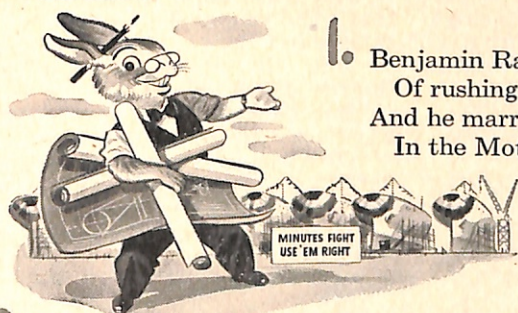
It came to him in the elevator. It snapped in his head. It gave him an object to hate. It gave him something to punch, if he were able to catch up with it. He went to the personnel director of the hospital. "The name is Louie something," he said. They found the name and the address.

He went home and let a little time go by. He telephoned Dorothy. She wasn't there. She was nowhere. And what is more, if she were there, she wouldn't talk to him. The phone banged down.

Joe Lanning left his room. He took the elevator down to Tenth Street and he walked east for a while. He watched for the address, three-eighty-five, and he looked in a row of bells and found the name, then went upstairs, to the second floor, rear.

It smelled upstairs, on the second floor, rear. The carpeting was older than the world and the wood of the floor creaked underfoot and he found that his hands were sweating. He was scared. What right had he to be scared? A guy who's going in the Army? What virtue had he left if he was scared? This made him madder still. He rang the bell. There was no answer. He listened for several minutes but there was no movement in the second floor, rear. If there were movement he would hear it. A cat could not walk on a floor like that and not be heard.

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And he married a maid who's the Number One aide
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3. For CALVERT has lightness and richness and rightness
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He tried the door. It didn't give. He lifted with his strength against the knob. It didn't give. His heart was knocking on the door. He heard a noise behind him and he jumped and whirled. There was no one behind him. This was an old, old house with many sighs. Then he heard footsteps come up the stairs. These were not sighs. These sounds were feet. He dropped into the shadows of the hall, where the feeble glow of the one sick light would not reveal him. A man put a key in the second floor, rear, and as the man pushed in the door, Joe leaped and ran and threw himself against the door and man.

THE door stayed up. He and the man went to the floor. Joe hit the man and turned the man's face to the light that filtered into the room. The man, the orderly from Packy Peach's room, was sick with fright, could not get sound out of his throat. Joe took a gun away from him, snapped on the light within the room, then tossed the man onto the bed.

"Nice dump you have here, Louie," Joe said. The man remained silent. Joe walked across the room. "Don't try to move," he said. "Remember who has the firearms. Not you. Just me."

"I don't know nothin'," Louie said finally. "I don't know what you're doin' here. You could get arrested for what you done."

Joe went to a necktie rack on the wall and fingered carefully through the assortment until he found the seven-dollar job that Packy had given to Louie. "Who's been wearing this tie besides you, Louie?" No answer whatever from Louie.

"Your brother, wasn't it? The pasty-faced guy who tried to stick me up the other night. No? He looked like you and he wore this tie. I just happened to remember that today. Don't look at me like that, Louie. Don't feel bad, because you're going to feel worse. Speak up, Louie. Tell me the story first and then we'll tell it to the cops."

"Your brother and his friend tried to rob Packy Peach of his diamonds in the first place, didn't they? But Packy spoiled it all when he swallowed them. So then your brother, or his friend, shot Packy in the stomach, didn't he? Not your brother, I would say. I'd say the other guy. So then they got you in the hospital to see how things were going and you listened around and you thought that Packy gave me both the diamonds. Right?"

Louie sweated freely, but Louie didn't say a single word.

"So they trailed along after me to Pete's Italian Parlor, except that I'm so agile and so tough they didn't succeed. Your only mistake was when you loaned your brother that necktie the other night. Packy's ties are something no man can forget for long. And you mustn't think that Packy didn't suspect you," Joe lied merrily. "You know that liquor of his that you've been stealing?"

Louie's eyes were wide.

"Packy poisoned it."

Louie screamed. "They put me up to it!" he said. "I didn't want to do it, anyway. My brother said he'd shoot me like a dog. He said—"

"Come on, let's go. I always wanted to be a detective, anyhow."

"You better get me to the hospital! I didn't mean t' steal 'is liquor. It was just I was so nervous with the things I hadda do."

"Come, Louie, come. You tell it to the cops."

Louie stumbled down the stairs and into the street. Joe nudged him with the gun just for the fun of it and was deaf to Louie's pleas for something to keep him from dying of poison. Joe felt better, in fact he felt fine as he shoved Louie up the Precinct Station steps.

The cops said Joe was wonderful and that it would be but a simple thing to get a grip on Louie's brother and the other gentleman involved. It made a story for the papers and they took Joe's picture on the following day when he was dressed in his new uniform.

Joe thought it all was foolish, now that anger had subsided. "I thought they might molest a lady I am fond of," he explained. "They might have gone looking for something she hasn't got. Confusing? Certainly. But you may print it if you like. Sure. I've always wanted to be a detective. All my life. That's why I'm a doctor. Smart? Who—me? I'm one of the stupidest men alive."

JOE'S ship sailed from an eastern port, in darkest night. The transport moved to sea in the hands of the laboring tugs. The mist was a shroud to a life that was dead, behind him now. He was proud of the lieutenant's bar he wore and he was glad to be sailing away.

The outline of the city thinned and ahead there was the convoy and the sea. He lit a cigarette and thought of Dorothy and of the furniture they never owned and of the horses he had bet on who had never won. He thought of Packy Peach, not meanly, but with some regret. He heard a voice behind him saying "Joe"—the fog horns in the bay and his imagination saying "Joe".

But the voice said "Joe" again, and it was the voice that was sweetest in his memory and he turned and saw the figure in the dark and he denied the voice and the figure too.

Then Dorothy came clearly into view and she said, "I've been watching you, Joe. You looked so—so forlorn." She wore the uniform that Army nurses wear. She did as much for the uniform as the uniform did for her.

HE HELD her in his arms and the ship sailed on, and in the dark night where they stood there weren't many who could see them.

"I knew that you'd be here," she said. "I read in the papers that you captured those crooks for me, so I would be safe from them."

"But how could you know? How could anybody know? I didn't know what ship myself. I'm not even sure that I know now."

"Packy told me."

"Packy?"

"Not what ship. He didn't know that. He just said it would be the same ship I was on. He was so proud of you. He said he wanted those thieves locked up himself."

"But Packy's not Houdini. What has Packy got to do with it?"

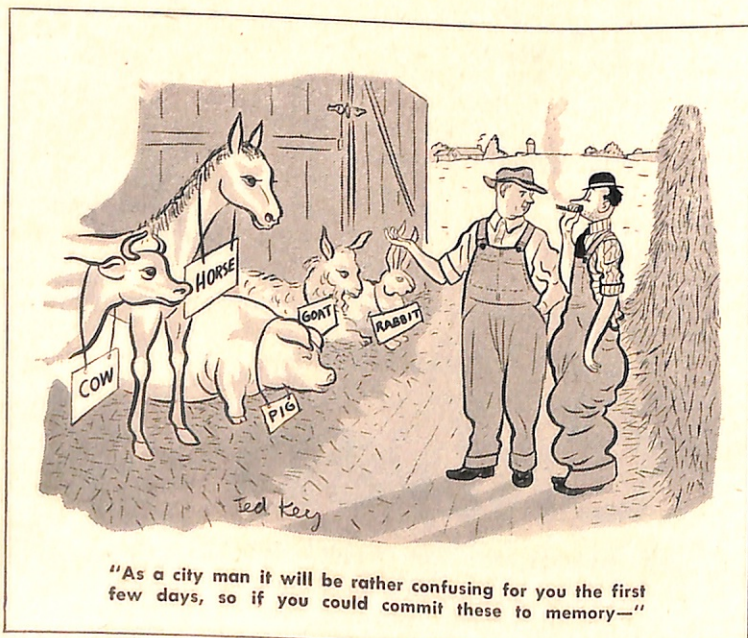
"Didn't he ever tell you that story, darling? About how his brother went to West Point when Packy went to reform school?"

"He did. He told me that."

"Well, Packy's brother is one of the surgeon-generals. He was very sweet. He said that you saved Packy's life and that you'd probably save a lot more lives before the war is over. That's why I'm here. That's why we both are here. And Joe—" She raised her hand and the diamond glittered in the night.

"Turn that off," he said. "No lights allowed."

The ship sailed on and she stayed next to him and the stars came out above them.



"As a city man it will be rather confusing for you the first few days, so if you could commit these to memory—"

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 17)

of the dogs used are greyhounds. I may add, in case you don't know it, that a whippet is a smaller cousin of the greyhound. He's fast, in fact is said to have gotten his name from the sound of a smartly swished whip. But for real speed the greyhound is canine king. The record speed of the fastest dogs is 26 seconds for the quarter-mile. Greyhounds are the original streamlined pooches, being practically nothing but legs and chest. They have greater lung capacity than any other dogs and the most powerful rear quarters of all breeds. But they are extremely delicate and particularly susceptible to pulmonary diseases. Breeders are accustomed to losing 60% of their dogs before they become old enough to race. Racing age begins at about 15 months. This varies with some a month or so each way, depending upon the matured development of the dogs. Because they are so difficult to raise they are given far more care than is given to other kennel dogs—even most of the finest show dogs. Few mothers are more concerned with little Harry or Harriet's diet than are the caretakers of these hounds. Only the very finest quality of food is fed and the meals are a carefully balanced blend of vegetables (fresh) and choice cuts of meat.

They get practically the same training as do race horses. The larger kennels have exercise tracks on which the dogs are given a daily run when preparing to go on "the circuit", this meaning a number of designated tracks at which they will be scheduled to appear. They are walked every day, the time and duration of the walk depending upon how close they are to racing condition. Just as particular attention is paid to their legs and feet as is given to the sporty horsie. It is apparent that both animals are only as good as their underpinning.

Now, a lot of people think greyhounds are always grey. Not so.

They come in every color found among dogs. Because they were tremendously popular in ancient Greece they became known to the rest of Europe as the Greek hound. In time these words were contracted into the name, greyhound.

Because they are so temperamental and quarrelsome they are, unlike other kennel dogs, not kept together in the kennel runs. The only exception to this is when occasionally one or two will have been found to get along together without fighting, but that's not the rule. Being so unsocial they are always raced muzzled. If they weren't and one were jostled rounding a turn, or perhaps for no reason at all, the races would more likely degenerate into canine free-for-alls.

The average greyhound will weigh from 50 to 70 pounds but his sporting cousin is larger, tipping the scales from 60 to 80 pounds and naturally, being this much bigger and more powerful, can run rings around the former.

If at any time you just must break into dog racing you'd better be prepared to lay a lot of folding money on the line. The average price for a trained "maiden", (that is a dog that has not yet run in a formal race) ranges from \$250 to \$350. For known winners this may go to \$1,000 and for exceptionally fast dogs \$6,000 to \$7,000 is not considered unusually high. But this is only the beginning. Next comes the building of kennels and in view of the delicacy of these purps, these can't or shouldn't be jerry-built. They must be better constructed than are the houses lived in by a great many people. Then there are runs to build, and bearing in mind that each dog requires a separate run for the sake of peace, this costs what the writers call "a pretty penny". You'll need leads, muzzles and all the usual kennel equipment and because Mr. Greyhound goes off his feed so easily he's heaven's gift to the veterinarians—



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only you'd be expected to pay the bills. A retired wrestler, Jonn Pesek, had at one time in his kennels in Ravenna, Nebraska, no less than 275 dogs—all racers. I never thought toe-holds and hip-locks paid out like that, did you? Another kennel in Massachusetts is said to have more than \$40,000 invested. Of course, these are exceptional cases. But even for the average owner of a small string it is an expensive sport. Most who are in it, as one trainer said, "are glad to break even when it comes to casting up the expenses against the winnings."

ODDLY enough, the purses the dogs win are not big, certainly nothing compared to those given on the horse tracks. Winning bow-wows may get from \$200 to \$300 a race.

The length of the races is from 330 to 770 yards. The reason for the different distances is to give certain dogs who are sprinters, but whose endurance isn't as great as others, a better chance to win.

Eight dogs are raced at a time and the program usually lists eight to ten races for the evening. The races are always held at night, beginning

at 8:15 and sometimes lasting until midnight. All dogs listed to compete must be at the track at 6 P.M. They are then put into their stalls and kept there until each is called to its respective starting box for a race.

Prior to every race, track officials are appointed to inspect all dogs ready to run and this inspection is not a hit-or-miss affair. The track veterinarian gets in his innings too by going over the dogs.

Next they are weighed and if a dog entered does not weigh within one and a half pounds of its recorded weight it is shooed out of competition. The weight of all dogs in active training is officially recorded and that weight is known to track officials. Dogs run against each other "by weight" (their own weight) instead of being handicapped by artificial weight as are race horses. This is to give the lighter, less powerful pooches an even chance to win, which many of them couldn't against their faster, bigger brothers.

Following inspection and weighing, they are paraded to the post just as are the hosses—only this time the post is the starting box. Each dog is

led by its handler and, as mentioned previously, each wears a blanket bearing a number that corresponds to its number in the official program which lists the number of races and the dogs entered. Most of the blankets are fancy affairs, right colorful, and most of them represent the kennel's colors.

While this is all going on, the pari-mutuel windows do a land-office business but at the sound of a bell all betting activity ceases. This means that the dogs have been backed into their starting boxes—a separate box or stall for each dog—and the race is about to be run. Now the starter presses a button, although before he does this the mechanical bunny gets in motion. Just as the latter passes the starting boxes with about a twenty-foot head start, the button is pressed and the door of every box flies open simultaneously. All dogs start evenly although all aren't equally quick to get going. The operator of the bunny which is known around the tracks as "Rusty" keeps Br'er Rabbit about twenty feet ahead of the dogs, controlling this mechanically. "Rusty" rides on an arm that hugs the side of the track. Occasionally the little rabbit may tumble off; this doesn't often happen but when it does, seldom if ever do the dogs stop. They give all the evidences of running against each other for the pure fun of it and this is stoutly maintained by the dog people. They point to this when any comparison is made to horse racing, their contention being that their purps honestly do their best.

At the finish line—yes, it's a real line drawn across the track and not an imaginary one as on a horse track—the winning dog breaks a beam of invisible light which automatically stops the timing. Dead heats do occur and photo finishes are the custom at the larger tracks.

THE handlers get their dogs, and then walk them to "cool" them out. This is done largely to prevent stiffened muscles and avoid any other ill consequences that might follow if they were immediately put into their stalls.

Following the finish, bets are paid off and this in the course of one year in Florida alone, amounted to more than \$12,000,000, with the State getting nearly \$500,000 in taxes. This money represented an attendance of a 1,400,000 people.

Yes, in some twenty years the business of racing bow-wows has grown to huge proportions and there isn't a dog racing man who is not longing for the time that the sport can resume its growth which will only be when the Big Shots of the world gather around the peace table.



"Can I talk? Who did you think was bidding against you?"



American Success Story

(Continued from page 16)

Georgia to a family of desperately poor share-croppers. Nobody knows when his parents died. All they know is that Beau Jack had a paper route and was trying to support himself when he was six years old. Nobody but Bowman Milligan cared how he lived. Milligan, Negro caddy-master at Bobby Jones' National Golf Course at Augusta, saw he had enough to eat and a place to sleep.

The members of the club liked the amiable, hard-working shoe-shine boy and rooted for him in the battle royals they staged. In a battle royal, five or six youngsters are put into a ring blindfolded and take prodigious swipes at the atmosphere, hoping to hit someone. The last kid remaining on his feet has first crack at the coins the spectators throw into the ring.

It was a lot of fun for everyone but the boys who were in there with Beau Jack. The Beau always won. He was so good that twenty-three men chipped in \$50 apiece to launch him as a professional. The sponsors were repaid long ago, but Beau Jack, who gained recognition as the best fighter in his division two short years after he began his career, still gets five dollars a week for spending money. He is quite satisfied; it looks like all the money in the world to him and he cannot count the balance that is banked for him.

Beau Jack, through no fault of his, cannot read or write.

Babe Ruth, a living American legend and the greatest of all sports heroes, went to the big leagues from the St. Mary's Industrial Home in Baltimore. A marvelous, mysterious alchemy of coordination meant the difference to Ruth between a life of utter obscurity and one of imperishable fame. The Babe was gifted with the secret and it was worth two million dollars to him. It could happen only in America and only in sports.

Joe Louis was a cotton picker at a dollar a day, when he could get it. So was Dizzy Dean. Whitey Kurowski came out of the coal mines of Pennsylvania as an unknown rookie and six months later was known throughout the country as one of the bright stars of the World Series. Tom Harmon earned a college education and a neat nest-egg because he could do skillful tricks with a football. Hundreds of underfed, undersized kids on isolated farms and ranches have converted their working knowledge of horses into the life-long meal-tickets a good jockey can acquire in five or six years.

In large metropoli-


tan centers, sports offer an escape from boredom. People indulge in sports, as participants or spectators, for amusement and relaxation.

In the slums, on the backwoods farms and in the mines that gouge holes in the face of the earth and the ambition of men, sports offer an escape from poverty—perhaps the only escape. The means and the facilities for education are scarce or practically non-existent. The movies, the radio and the magazines are telling underprivileged kids what they are missing. They look around them and see that hard, unrelenting labor has brought their parents and their neighbors no relief from the hand-to-mouth struggle for mere survival. In all likelihood, the one celebrity the community every produced—and every community has at least one—was an athlete. He was a kid who might have made more money in one year by boxing or playing baseball than his father made in ten or even twenty years. Perhaps the village doctor or lawyer never would have gained his education if not for a football scholarship. A particular and proud American characteristic is the desire to better oneself. Kids on the forgotten farms and in the moribund villages have that driving force. They look around them and see sports as the one quick and sure avenue of release from their grinding environment.

That's what sports mean to ambitious kids of this country and that is why the majority of the outstanding athletes in every sport come from families in reduced circumstances. They don't play at games; they work at them with a grim intensity. They know competitive sports are for the young and the strong and the fleet of foot. Youth and strength and speed don't stay with a man indefinitely. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Master that left hook that will win a fight and gain top billing on another card. Bear down in every game for the good season that will earn promotion to a higher league. But hurry. Time is short. Time is money.

You members of the Order of Elks, who educate your children, give them all the necessities of pleasant living and are leaders in movements to improve your community, may find it difficult to understand the spirit of desperate urgency some kids bring to sports. You are to be congratulated rather than criticized. Sports are most enjoyable when they are played for pleasure, not profit. No one can understand this now-or-never atti-

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tude of some athletes unless he was very poor himself or has had extensive experience in assaying the spiritual values that go into sports.

You say sports are fun? I say you're wrong when your next meal, next month's rent for the folks or next year's future depends on the perfect timing of a punch or the freakish bounce of a ball. Sports under those conditions is a nerve-wracking, bitter business. There are easier ways of making a living—if you know them.

Do you think boys and young men would punish themselves physically at hard, monotonous training if they could earn money in softer and safer occupations? There are few ready-made champions. For every Babe Ruth and Joe Louis there are a thousand athletes who started from scratch and had to come up the hard way. Proficiency in sports is 90 percent natural ability, it is true. You have it or you don't. The remaining 10 percent is the decisive factor that beats men down or drives them away—if they have a better place to go.

IT IS significant that every world's heavyweight champion, with one exception, came from a poor family. The one exception was Max Baer, the son of a butcher in comfortable circumstances, and he is the classic example that proves self-denial—the crux of conditioning—comes easily only to those with long experience in denial. Certainly, no man ever brought a more magnificent physique to the prize-ring than Baer. It is doubtful that any heavyweight—and that means everyone between and including Sullivan and Louis—could punch harder than Baer. He belted Primo Carnera on the jaw and the force of the blow broke the giant's ankle.

Baer was smart and he had all the speed and coordination he needed. Yet Baer lost the first defense of his championship to Jim Braddock, who had been on relief in New Jersey a few months earlier. Baer coveted the title only to satisfy his ego, then lost interest. It would have been another story if victuals, not vanity, had been the motivating force behind him.

A quick survey of the outstanding performers in the popular, money-making sports usually gives a pretty accurate cross-section picture of the economic status of the Nation's various racial groups. Two generations ago, Irish and Jewish slum kids dominated boxing, perhaps the most demanding of all sports. The reason was quite obvious. They were largely the sons of immigrants who had settled in the cities. The passing of

a generation brought them a measure of financial security and then Italians, who were prominent in the next wave of immigration, began to take charge of the situation. Now the Negro is the predominant group in boxing and there is an increasing number of fighters of Slavic, Mexican, Puerto Rican and Cuban parentage doing much better than all right.

A HALF-CENTURY ago the Irish were playing baseball as though Brian Boru had invented the game. If a big-leaguer wasn't Irish, he was of Scotch, English or German extraction. In other words, they were mainly second-generation Americans. The next generation saw the sudden rise of the Italian major-leaguer and today the lineups are studded with names reminiscent, despite efforts to Anglicize them, of Middle Europe.

Remember the parody of the Notre Dame marching song that was so popular about fifteen years ago? . . . "Shame, shame on old Notre Dame, the Wops and the Polacks have stolen your fame." . . . The ditty applied to virtually every top-ranking football team and it was pretty funny to everyone but the fellows who had to oppose the energetic young men who were playing football as though their lives depended upon it. And maybe they did, if you're talking of lives free from the crushing burden of poverty.

SPORTS are the poor man's short cut to the pot of gold. That's what sports mean to the little, obscure people. That is why sports have held on with such remarkable tenacity and public acceptance for more than a year of war.

Bank presidents, politicians and even college presidents have been known to jump the back fence with public funds and the betrayal of trust creates a stir only in the community affected. But let a grubby, unknown athlete be under suspicion of accepting a bribe for throwing a fight or a game and it is a national scandal, a profound shock to public confidence. Compare the impacts of the Black Sox and Teapot Dome scandals upon the country and you will agree that we are not straining to make a point.

Sports hold the bright hopes and illusions of those little obscure people who were born behind the eight-ball and teeter precariously on the brink of the hole. They want to keep sports clean and honest because they know there was—and will be again—that which Mr. Alger called Fame & Fortune waiting for the deserving.



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

Your Elks Magazine has been reduced to 48 pages this month as a wartime necessity.

In an effort to conserve paper for the many wartime uses in which it is being employed, all magazine publishers are being called upon to cut their paper consumption below the level used one year ago.

This means that several issues of The Elks Magazine in 1943 will come to you with less than the 56 pages to which you have been accustomed. Paper, like so many other American products, is vital to the war effort. We know you will appreciate the necessity for this reduction.

Visiting Wisconsin, Mr. Sullivan Is Honored by Milwaukee Lodge

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, has host to Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan when, on January 25, he made his official visit to all the lodges of the Order in the State of Wisconsin. Met at the Northwestern Station at 4 p.m. by a large delegation from the host lodge headed by E.R. Clarence A. Heiden and accompanied by the Milwaukee Elks Military Band, the Milwaukee Elks Plugs and representatives of other lodges, Mr. Sullivan was escorted to the lodge home.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet, held at six-thirty in the Marine Dining Room and attended by approximately 600 members, was followed by the lodge meeting. Mr. Sullivan, his three Wisconsin District Deputies, Ray J. Fink, Menasha, Lawrence M. Gerdes, Eau Claire, and Bernard F. Magruder, Racine, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, William A. Uthmeier, Marshfield, a member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, Past Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Special Representative of the Elks War Commission, Andrew W. Parnell, Appleton, Pres. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., State Secy. Lou Uecker, Two Rivers, State Treas. William H. Otto, Racine, and State Chaplain the Rev. Henry Halinde, Green Bay, were introduced and given seats of honor on the rostrum with the Exalted Ruler of No. 46, Mr. Heiden. The attendance at the meeting included 800 members of Milwaukee Lodge, 41 members of Baraboo Lodge No. 688 with their two candidates for initiation, a delegation from Mr. Broughton's lodge, Sheboygan No. 299, headed by E.R. Francis Hoekstra, P.D.D. Jacob Federer and P.E.R. Walter J. Pfister, and delegations from Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Menasha, Appleton, Green Bay, Marinette, Manitowoc, Two Rivers, Sheboygan, Kaukauna, Eau Claire, Marshfield, Wausau, Superior, Ashland, Racine, Janesville, Madison, Baraboo, Kenosha, Beloit, Waukesha and La Crosse. Practically all of the other lodges of the State were represented. Also honored at the banquet and meeting were Mayor John L. Bohn, a member of Milwaukee Lodge, and Vice-Pres.-at-Large Frank L. Fawcett, Milwaukee, Vice-Pres.'s Leo H. Schmalz, Kaukauna, and Norman E. Schulze, La Crosse, and Trustees A. J.

Geniesse, Green Bay, A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers, and Elmer J. Reese, Madison, all of the Wis. State Elks Assn.

The induction of a class of more than a hundred candidates was an impressive feature of the meeting. Most of the new members joined Milwaukee Lodge; the others were initiated for sister lodges in different parts of the State. Mr. Sullivan administered the obligation and also delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The Milwaukee Elks Chorus rendered several beautiful selections during the ceremony and the famous Milwaukee Elks Plugs, in full regalia, participated under the leadership of Captain Fred E. Theilacker. Alderman Matt P. Mueller was the chosen speaker for the Class.

An eloquent, instructive speech was made by the Grand Exalted Ruler, after which he was presented with an electric chime clock by Exalted Ruler Heiden, acting on behalf of Milwaukee Lodge. The meeting was followed by a big stag party in the Elks' auditorium.

Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge Gives A Floor to Red Cross Chapter

Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, No. 682, has turned over to the local chapter of the Red Cross the whole second floor of its home. Several months ago, the lodge remodeled the floor space for requirements necessary to accommodate the workers who are making surgical dressings for the Government. Several hundred women are busy at the headquarters every week and wonderful work is being accomplished. The rooms are spacious and comfortable.

Jacksonville Lodge owned seventy thousand dollars worth of War Bonds on February 1. This impressive figure was reached when the lodge bought an additional twenty thousand dollars worth shortly before that date.

D.D. Joseph Casey Pays Home-Coming Visit to Melrose Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Joseph Casey to his home lodge, Melrose No. 1031, was marked by the largest attendance of Elks ever assembled in the lodge rooms. Almost 400 members of the Order, including Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, were present for the meeting and the "Fight for Freedom" Class initiation.

The District Deputy was introduced by P.E.R. Joseph W. Brawley, who acted as Grand Esquire. The Exalted Rulers of the other 17 lodges in Mr. Casey's district, Mass., N. E., officiated as Grand Lodge officers. The speaking program was exceptionally fine. Gifts from Melrose Lodge were presented to Mr. Casey and Mr. Brawley.

The Massachusetts State Elks Association was represented by President Francis J. O'Neil, Attleboro, Secy.-Treas. Thomas F. Coppinger, Newton, Chairman of the Board of Trustees Mason S. McEwan, Brookline, and Past Pres.'s John P. Brennan, Cambridge, and William F. Hogan, Everett. Also among those present were Thomas J. McCaffrey, Cambridge, Henry C. Walsh, Worcester, and Fred H. Connelly, North Attleboro, D.D.'s for the Mass. Central, West and Southeast Districts respectively, D.D. Edward S. Duggan, Dover, N. H., and John F. Burke, Boston, Executive Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Burke is also a Past State President.

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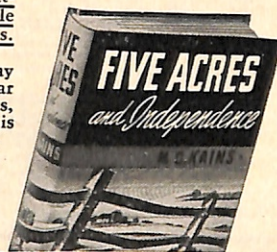
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Male or female, if you are between the ages of 21 and 60, health permitting, subject to examination, you can make a voluntary donation of your blood to provide this plasma so urgently needed.

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Apply to your local Red Cross Chapter for an appointment.

In the name of humanity, enlist in the Army of Blood Donors, and serve the gallant men on the firing lines, who are giving their blood and their lives that you and Democracy may live.

Past Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper, of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, himself a donor, and sponsor of enlistment in the Army of Blood Donors since Pearl Harbor, makes this appeal.

Golden Anniversary Festivities Are Held by Moscow, Ida., Lodge

Moscow, Ida., Lodge, No. 249, celebrated its 50th Anniversary in January with a three-day program, opening with an Elks' Stag Night on Thursday the 14th in honor of the old-time members. A turkey dinner was served. George Weber, holder of Membership Card No. 8 and the only charter member of the lodge now living, cut the Golden Anniversary birthday cake. Memorial services were held later in the lodge room. Dr. C. W. Chenoweth, a member of Moscow Lodge, was the speaker.

Friday night was "Guest Night". On Saturday "Two-Forty-Niner Night", exclusively for Elks and their ladies, was celebrated with music, dancing, entertainment and a cafeteria supper.

All of the festivities were held in the lodge home, a handsome, commodious building representing, with its furniture,

an investment of more than \$125,000. For many years it has served as the civic center of the district, and hundreds of meetings of a public nature have been held within its walls.

Tri-State Ritualistic Trophy Belongs to Cumberland Lodge

The beautiful ritualistic trophy, placed in competition by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association a few years ago, has been finally retired. Cumberland Lodge No. 63 is now in permanent possession of the prize, having won the Tri-State Association's ritualistic contest last December for the third consecutive year. As a great deal of friendly rivalry existed among the member lodges participating in the several contests, Cumberland Lodge feels that it has won a distinct honor through its achievement.

To celebrate the victory, the lodge

tendered a banquet at a local hotel to all the officers who had officiated during the three years. P.E.R. Arthur B. Gibson presided as Toastmaster. The speaking program was interesting and varied. The principal speakers were Albert C. Cook, of Cumberland Lodge, President of the Tri-State Association, and District Deputy Upton B. F. Edwards, Frostburg, Md. Professional entertainment was presented. On behalf of the Association, Past President A. Guy Miller, P.E.R. of Annapolis Lodge and Chairman of the Tri-State Elks Ritualistic Committee, made the presentation of the trophy which was formally accepted by the Exalted Ruler of No. 63, Lester Deneen.

A capacity crowd filled the banquet room and among those present were many visiting Elks from neighboring lodges in the tri-state area. The banquet was followed by a dance at the lodge home and a social session during which refreshments were served.

Ticonderoga Lodge Celebrates Past Exalted Rulers Night

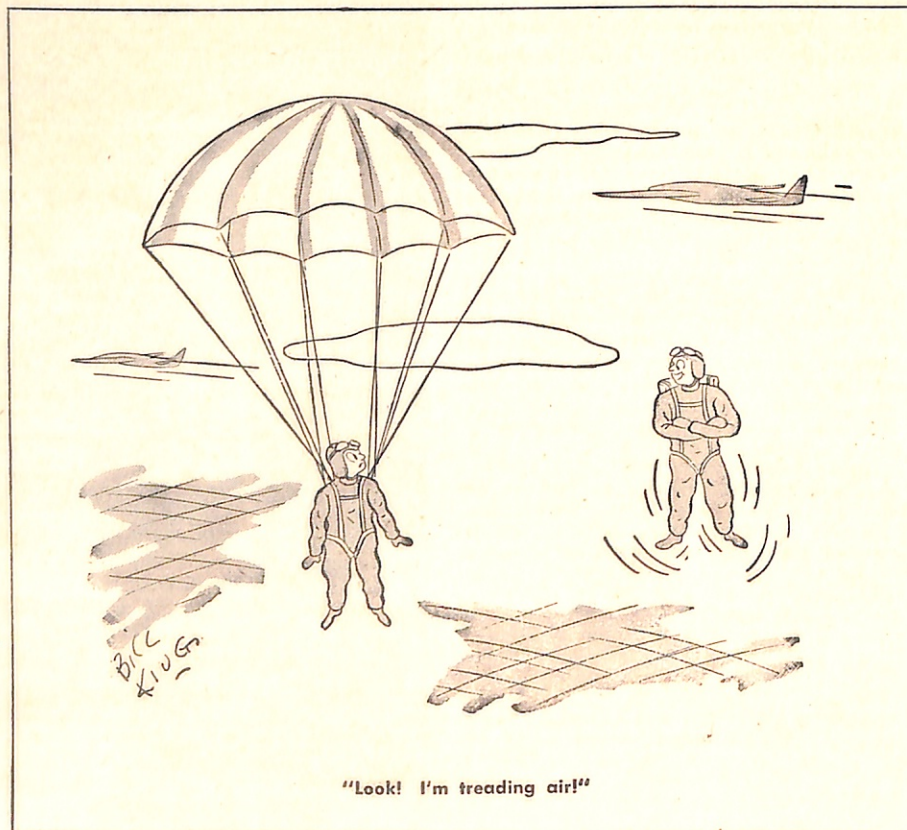
Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, observed Past Exalted Rulers Night on February 8, with seven of the original officers occupying their former stations. Approximately 100 Elks attended. Entertainment was presented, followed by a Clam Steam.

One of the speakers of the evening was a former protégé of Ticonderoga Lodge. Sixteen years before, to the day, he was sent by the lodge to a New York hospital to be treated for a knee injury. He was prompted in later years to join the Order and is now one of the lodge's most enthusiastic members.

Elks and Guests Celebrate 40th Birthday of Paris, Ill., Lodge

Three hundred members celebrated the 40th anniversary of the institution of Paris, Ill., Lodge, No. 812, at a family party held in the lodge home. Bowling, bridge, dinner at five o'clock and dancing in the evening were featured on the program. Wives of the members and many guests were present. The celebration also served as a farewell party for Harry Hetherington, a prominent member of the lodge and Social Chairman for the past several years. Mr. Hetherington was about to leave for Chicago to report for training as a labor foreman in the Seabees. Three of the seven living charter members attended, L. A. Shoaff, I. N. Shaw and E. S. Hunter.

P.E.R. William Dutelle, P.D.D. for the Ill., S. E., District, acted as Toastmaster



"Look! I'm treading air!"

at the banquet. Among those introduced were E.R. Leo Headley and his officers, several Past Exalted Rulers and the charter members.

J. Passero and L. Jennings won first place honors in the men's doubles on the bowling alleys. Vernon Frye won the prize for the player with the highest series score not in doubles competition. In the mixed doubles, the team of H. Tucker and W. Howlett won first place. The bridge games for the ladies were played in the afternoon. Twelve tables for contract and auction players were set up in the lodge room and beautiful prize gifts were awarded the winners. Music during the dinner hour and for dancing in the evening was furnished by an orchestra from Terre Haute.

IF YOUR ELKS MAGAZINE IS LATE

Our war-time transportation facilities are doing a great job and military supplies must come first. Your Magazine is mailed in what normally would be ample time to reach you on our regular publication date. If your *Elks Magazine* is late, it is caused by conditions beyond our control.

Connersville Elks in the Service Like Their Monthly News Bulletin

At a regular meeting last Fall, Connersville, Ind., Lodge, No. 379, decided to publish a monthly news sheet to be sent to all of its members who are in the U.S. military service. The first, issued in November, was received with enthusiasm. Reports of the lodge's war work and fraternal activities, personal notes and social news are featured.

The committee in charge of "G" Boxes has suggested that the members in service might be interested in how the "G" Boxes are drawn. First, the names are placed in a drawing box. Each meeting night names are drawn to allocate the "G" Boxes that have been filled since the last meeting. As each name is drawn, it is eliminated until a complete drawing cycle has been made. Then the drawings start all over again.

A few months ago, the Financial Committee of Connersville Lodge authorized the purchase of several \$1,000 War Bonds. It was announced that additional Bonds would be bought as funds accumulated.

New Philadelphia, O., Lodge Observes Old Timers Night

When New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, celebrated Old Timers Night on February 2, an unusually interesting team of Past Exalted Rulers initiated a class of 12 candidates. Each chair officer and the Esquire were employees of The Democrat Publishing Co., publishers of *The Daily Times*. This organization is the only one in the city which has more than one Past Exalted Ruler of No. 510 among its workers.

The members of the team were John S. Hare, ad compositor, acting as Exalted Ruler, Joe E. Hurst, president and

manager, Esteemed Leading Knight, Frank R. Hurst, classified ad manager, Esteemed Loyal Knight, F. L. Kimmel, composing room foreman, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, and Dale Empfield, editor, Esquire.

A banquet, served in the grill to 160 members of the lodge, preceded the meeting. Twenty-two of the 24 living Past Exalted Rulers were present. P.E.R. Frank C. Taylor missed his first Old Timers Meeting in twenty-five years. With Mr. Taylor, his work in a defense plant in Canton, O., comes first.

D.D. Gayle J. Cox Visits Washington, N. C., Lodge

More than 100 members of Washington, N. C., Lodge, No. 822, turned out for the official visit of D.D. Gayle J. Cox, of Raleigh Lodge. A spirit of goodfellowship prevailed throughout the evening. A chicken barbecue was a feature of the program.

The meeting was devoted to lodge business. The District Deputy's constructive talk contained several helpful suggestions which have since been followed, and an improvement in the workings of the lodge has already been noted.

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge Aids Afflicted School Children

At a January meeting, Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, voted to accept responsibility for the seven children in the crippled children's class at Bayliss School and the ten in the sight-saving class at McKinley School. The lodge also responded to an appeal made by the local Kiwanis Club for assistance in the continuation of a school lunch program by voting to "adopt" for four months 17 of the 165 children for whom the daily luncheons are served.

District Deputy Report on South Carolina Lodges Is Excellent

District Deputy William H. Harth, of Columbia Lodge No. 1190, having made the last of his official visitations to the eight lodges in South Carolina, reports that all are in good financial condition and enthusiastically active in lodge work, and that they are doing everything possible for the men in the U. S. Armed Forces. The visits were arranged so that most of them would take place when the lodges were initiating their "Fight for Freedom" Classes. Three candidates were initiated at Sumter, four at Anderson, 13 at Orangeburg, 14 at Florence, 11 at Greenville, 15 at Rock Hill, 17 at Charleston and 42 at Columbia.

In his talks to the various lodges, the District Deputy stressed the importance of their contributing one dollar for every member on their rolls to the Elks War Commission. Each lodge responded one hundred per cent and pledged further cooperation.

Members in our armed forces

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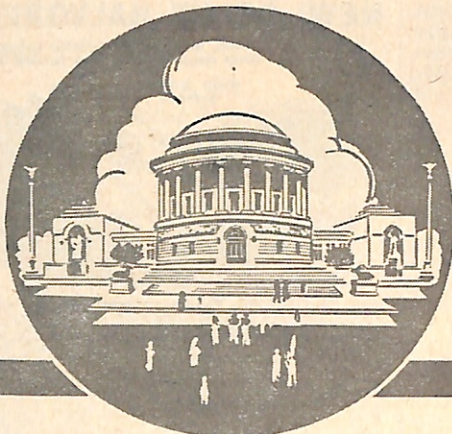
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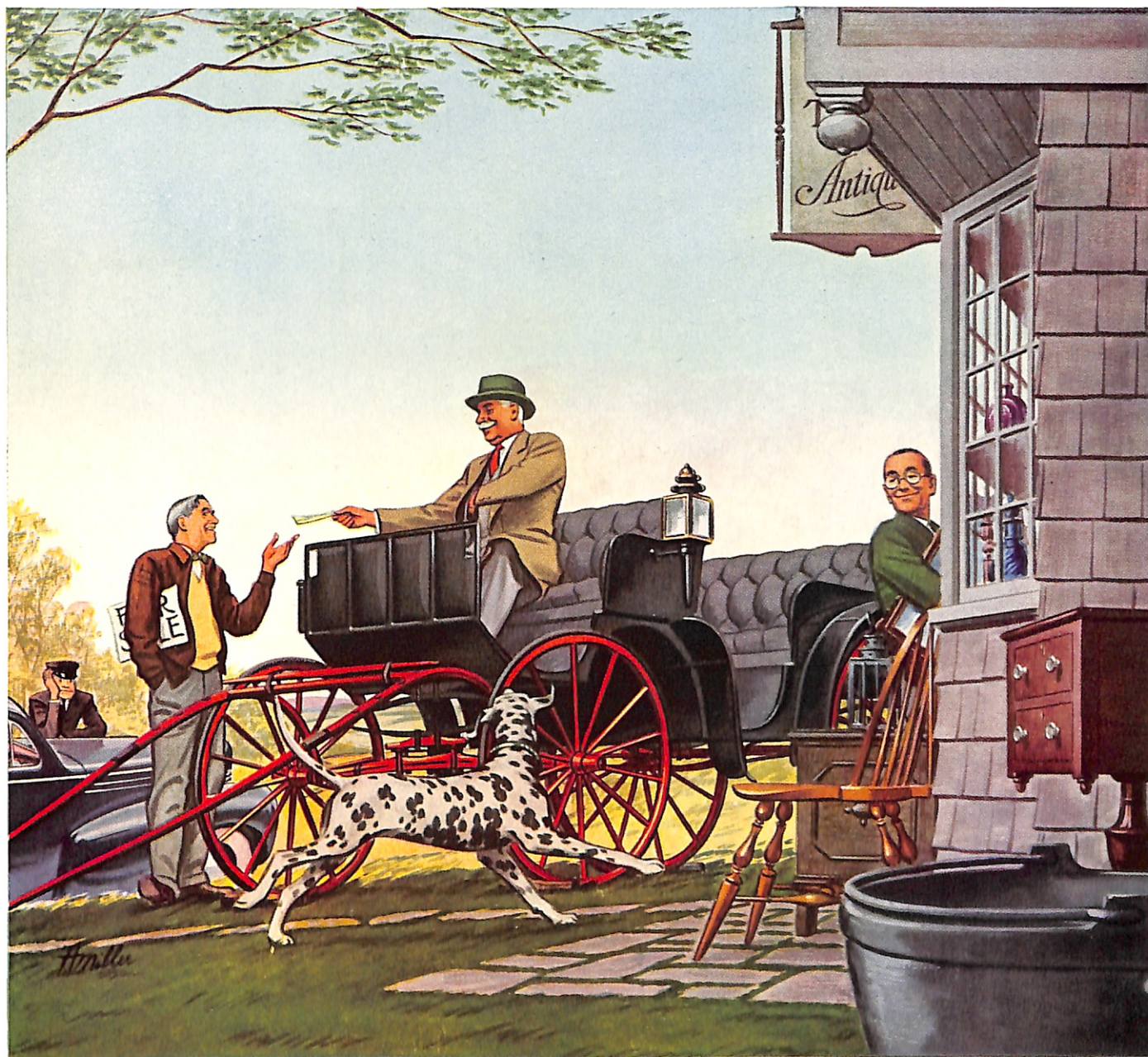
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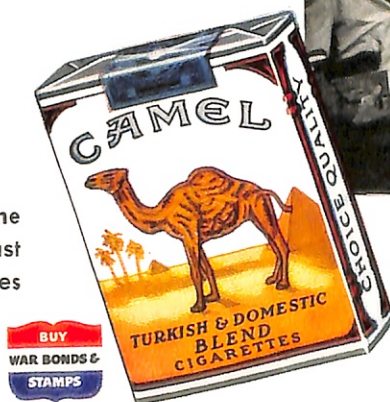
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